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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Lady Grosvenor

Mother of the Duke of Westminster, and wife of the Right Hon. George Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland

No. 60.—Vol. V.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Notice to our Subscribers

The Title Page and Index to Volume IV. of THE BYSTANDER can be had free on application to the Publisher, Tallis Street, E.C., enclosing 1*d.* stamp to cover cost of postage.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

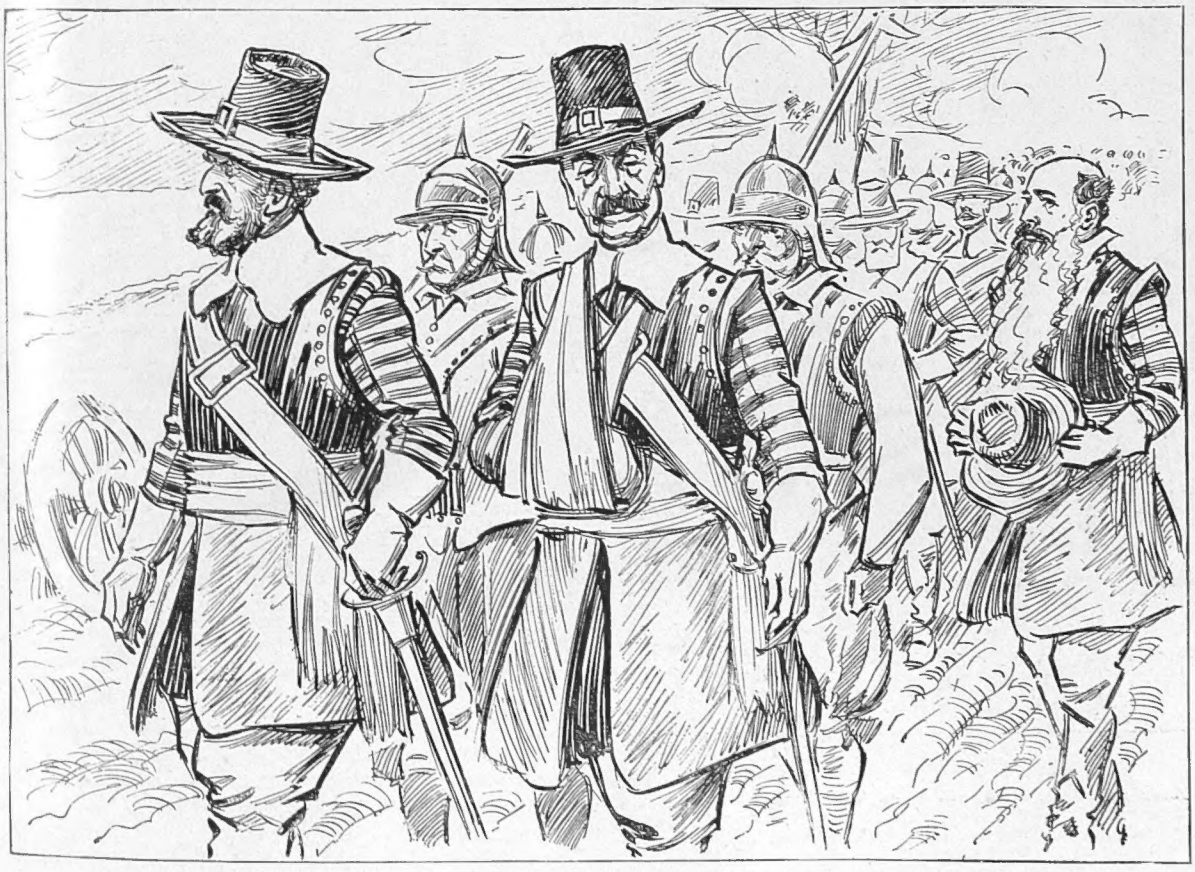
January 25, 1905

With Next Week's BYSTANDER we shall commence using our new outside cover. We hope our readers will like it. A vast amount of thought and care has been devoted to it, and we think ourselves it adequately suggests the contents to be found within.

* * *

Last week we made some allusion to the case of the young man Edalji, who is now undergoing a sentence of seven years' penal servitude, on a charge of having maliciously wounded a pony on the night of August 17 last. As an ordinary rule, it is not the custom of this paper to take up the case of an individual who may have a grievance, but the Edalji case, on which we propose to touch, presents so many extraordinary features which directly affect the liberty of every British subject that we make no apology for dealing with the matter. For it seems to us that the police, if they suspect a man of any crime, can find it possible to build up a case and support it by devices and tricks against which no defence can stand.

Our readers may remember the Edalji case. Great Wyrley is situated in the South Staffordshire coalfield, and mining villages are scattered about it. The vicar of Great Wyrley is the Rev. S. Edalji, concerning whom and his son, George, some personal particulars may be found on pages 165-166 of this issue. During 1903—from February of that year—various dastardly outrages were committed on horses and cattle. The police, though strongly reinforced, were unable to find any clue to the perpetrators, though rewards were offered. The district was in a state of nervous apprehension, and the police themselves were criticised very strongly. On the night of August 17-18, 1903, another outrage took place. A pony grazing in a field about half a mile from the vicarage was found bleeding copiously from a wound across its abdomen. Mr. R. G. Lewis, a veterinary surgeon, then residing at Cannock, was called in, and he gave it as his opinion that the wound was inflicted between 2.30 a.m. and 5.30 a.m. on that morning (August 18). He also gave it as his opinion that the weapon used was a "stiff-handled curved weapon."



WAR-WORN VETERANS RETURNING FROM THE FRAY

"Over seventy members of the Conservative Party will not seek re-election."—DAILY PAPER

Meanwhile, the police had not been idle. But, before dealing with their action, it is necessary to return for a moment to a period anterior to August 17. While the neighbourhood was being terrorised with these undiscovered, and apparently purposeless, mutilations, the police were receiving anonymous letters. These letters were not only couched in vulgar and disgusting language, but were written in an illiterate hand. In a clumsy and obvious manner, they incriminated George Edalji, a young solicitor, who had taken honours in law, and was on the way to build up a career for himself. The letters suggested that a "gang" was in existence, and mentioned "Edalji, the lawyer," as one of it. On July 2, six weeks before the particular outrage for which young Edalji was tried took place, a significant report was spread in the neighbourhood of Cannock that he had been arrested in his office at Birmingham. Afterwards, it was sought to prove that Edalji had penned the anonymous scrawls himself, and Mr. Gurrin, who is notorious as the handwriting expert in the Beck case, gave his opinion in favour of the theory. Now, although the theory of the existence of a "gang" was adopted by the police, there was not a tittle of evidence to prove its existence beyond the letters. Young Edalji was known as a quiet and studious young man, of regular habits, who left to go to his business early in the morning, returning late in the evening; and yet, in contrast to this, an acceptance of the police theory involved the belief that, late at night, he sneaked out from his house and led a gang of sanguinary ruffians to attack the cattle of his father's parishioners. Jekyll and Hyde would be more than eclipsed were such a possibility to occur. But such wild flights of fancy are too absurd when suggested by sober police officials in the twentieth century, unless supported by the fullest evidence. The fact is, however, the police were scared enough to believe anything.

* * *

On the morning of August 18 the police were early callers at the Vicarage. It appears, from their own evidence, that men had been told off to watch the Vicarage during the preceding and previous nights, but presumably they thought that young Edalji had had supernatural means of eluding them. The police then, led by a certain Inspector Campbell, asked to see Edalji's clothes. After a rigorous hunt, they unearthed an old coat, and Campbell discovered "blood-stains" upon it. These were a few old stains, which old coats are apt to have, and the Rev. Mr. Edalji, on being shown the coat, said they were gravy stains. The police surgeon himself afterwards admitted that they were starch stains from bread and milk. Armed with this precious evidence, and a pair of trousers and boots worn the night before, the police proceeded to charge young Edalji. After this, they returned to look for a weapon, and eventually seized some old razors of the Rev. Mr. Edalji. At this point the police began to elaborate their evidence. The coat they said was damp, but this three witnesses for the defence strongly denied. They also alleged that there were horse-hairs on the coat. The Rev. Mr. Edalji, Mrs. and Miss Edalji, who were all present, could see nothing but a thread. As, in view of the future evidence, this was an important point, we quote Mr. Edalji:

> I asked him (Campbell) to point out the place where the hairs were to be seen. He pointed out a lower part of the coat and said, "there's horse-hair here." I examined the place and said, "there is no hair here at all." Some further conversation followed, and then suddenly he put his finger upon another place on the coat, nearer to where I was standing, and, drawing two straight lines with his finger, he said, "Look here, Mr. Edalji, there's horse-hair here." I looked at the place for a moment, and, in order to have more light upon it, I took up the

Prolonging an "agony"

FIRST REPORTER: "Ha! ha! such a joke, old man. Look at the crowd come to see the meeting between 'Silent Worshipper' and 'Shy Lady.' Fact is, I am 'Shy Lady.'"

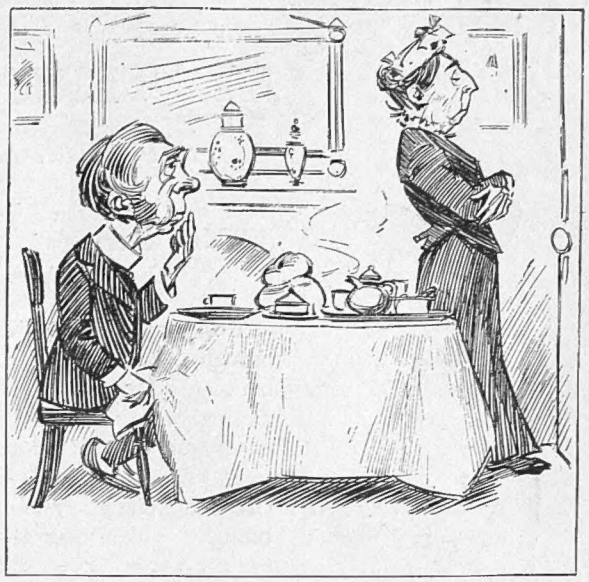
SECOND REPORTER: "That correspondence has sold our paper like wildfire. Come and have a drink! I'm 'Silent Worshipper.'"

"Young woman, do you think you can support my son in the style to which he has been accustomed?"

("Do not marry unless you can support your husband" was the advice recently given to a meeting of the Commercial Teachers' Federation at Chicago)

The police and the public

Tammany Hall to Scotland Yard: "Say, Boss, calk'late you've taken a leaf out o' my book"



The new universal language

Tompkins, an enthusiast, tries Esperanto on his wife with disastrous results

coat with both my hands and drew nearer to the window, and after carefully examining it, I said to him, "there is, to be sure, no hair here; it is clear surface."

Inspector Campbell, in giving his evidence, did not omit to state that he had pointed out stains and horse-hair to Edalji's parents, but, according to the Rev. Mr. Edalji, *he did omit to add that they denied his assertions!* It may be now remarked that, on the night in question, Edalji had not worn the coat at all. Independent evidence confirmed this point. Nor must it be forgotten that the person who injured the horse must have been soaked in blood.

* * *

The second point of "elaboration" by the police was the question of the razors. Although the veterinary surgeon had declared the animal was wounded by a stiff-handled curved weapon, and the police had failed to find any such implement at the Edalji's residence, they seized some old and disused razors belonging to the Rev. Mr. Edalji. Inspector Campbell said, in his evidence, that one of the razors was wet, "as if recently washed." This evidence was denied *in toto*. The police surgeon, however, found no blood-stains on the razor. This point is only important as showing what the police were prepared to swear to.

* * *

The police case was, of course, circumstantial throughout. They attempted to prove that Edalji was out between 9.30 p.m. and 10.30 p.m. on the night of the outrage. It was conclusively proved that he was then at home. Foiled in this, they suggested that he got out in the dead of night to do the deed. Leaving the fact of their watchmen out of the question, the Rev. Mr. Edalji proved that his son slept in his room, that the door was locked, and that he never left the room. They tried—hours after the outrage had occurred and the whole countryside hastened to the spot—a boot of his in one of hundreds of footsteps, and declared it fitted. The surprise would have been, with such a selection of footmarks, if it had not! Their final count was that Edalji was the writer of the anonymous letters. Mr. Gurrin occupied the witness-box, and triumphantly asserted that the unequal and laborious scrawls of some illiterate fellow showed the same characteristics as the educated handwriting of a solicitor who had won honours. By now we know, thanks to Sir Forrest Fulton and other judges, what value to place on handwriting experts' evidence.

* * *

On these charges and in the most inferior court at Quarter Sessions—not before a judge, but before a bench of country gentlemen untrained in law—this young man was found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude; although, since he has been in prison, two further outrages have occurred, and anonymous letters have still been received. He is irretrievably ruined, unless the public insist on a revision of the case. He was not able to plead before a judge at the Assizes, but as the charge was one nominally of wounding a horse, he was dependent on the tender mercies of a bench of amateurs. And what did the evidence prove? Was one single fact proved satisfactorily? Any level-headed man or woman will say that it proved nothing, but that the police desired to find a scapegoat. The Edalji family, by reason of their nationality, are not, we understand, popular. Some persons, in their ignorance, are very prone to believe evil of an Oriental, or a semi-Oriental. There was, possibly, in view of the inexplicable series of outrages, a predisposition to attribute a love of gore to the innate character of the Parsee people. But, whatever the cause, we say that there was never more flimsy evidence yet on which a man was convicted. At present anyone of us who has an old coat and a rusty razor may be charged with the most heinous crimes, especially since an alibi seems no longer an adequate defence. We, therefore, hope the public will demand, in no uncertain voice, a revision of this case.

AT TERRY'S THEATRE

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

Miss Beatrice Ferrar
(Hon. Susannah Verner)

"Mrs. Dering's Divorce"

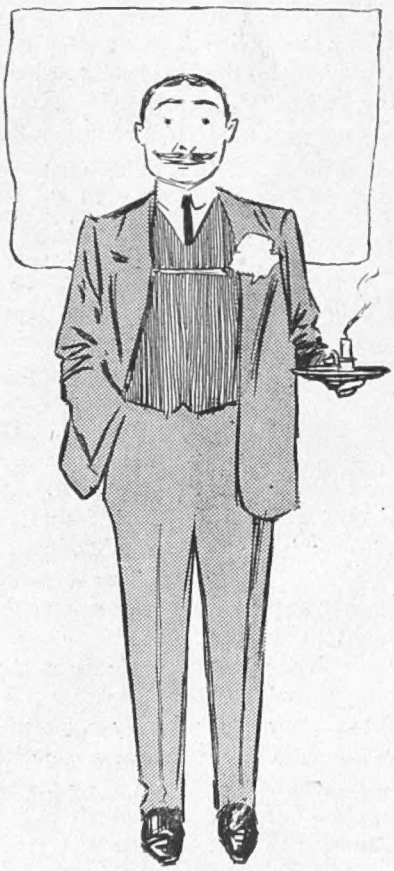
The causes which brought about a divorce between Mr. and Mrs. Dering were slight; the behaviour of each when free was commonplace; the happenings which brought them together again were uneventful; indeed, *Mrs. Dering's Divorce*, as a comedy of life and manners, is of an order which can merit but one appellative—it is genteel. It makes a brave and rather pathetic effort to keep up appearances; to be that which, emphatically, it is not. But an artless play has at times a meed of interest. The attention, undisturbed by the likelihood of any untoward circumstances in the unravelling of the story, is directed to a mild and peaceable consideration of the characters. Just as a thoughtful person, who is condemned to wait at a country railway station, wiles away the time, not unprofitably, by contemplating the trifling actions of indistinguished people, so can the playgoer seek relief from the storm and stress of plays, which make a strident claim to be dramatic, by following the fortunes of Mr. and Mrs. Dering.

That precious meed of interest which saves the piece from absolute baldness is due to a certain dry humour which Mr. Percy Fendall exhibits in the presentation of his types. They have little more vitality than the effigies of the showman, but while they are on the platform their wax and sawdust is for a time imbued with a portion of the master breath. The playwright deserves most of the credit for the animation of his characters. He has created several amusing situations. Of these the most diverting is when the *fiancée* of a divorced husband calls upon the wife for references and a character of the ex-husband. This is a *tour de force* which, if played in the proper spirit, should have caused not mild amusement, as it did, but hilarity.

Indeed, such humour as the piece possessed was discounted by the minor key in which it was acted. One and all were far too deliberate. Mrs. Langtry, in attempting to show the human side of the injured wife, went astray, for the reason that the misfortunes of Mrs. Dering were unimportant. Her mourning dress strikes no pathetic note any more than does the deep black of the brother in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. In attempting to give significance to her weeds, she lost the cream of the joke. If Mrs. Langtry had bustled, it would have offered a contrast to Mr. Leonard Boyne's conception of a drawling and semi-idiotic husband. Moreover, the fatuous young man with whom Mrs. Dering takes up after her divorce is played by Mr. Frank Hollins on precisely the same lines as Mr. Boyne. In a play like *Mrs. Dering's Divorce* only one character can afford to be played in this manner.

The incisiveness of Miss Beatrice Ferrar was a welcome change, but the rôle was not strong enough to give much tone to the play. Mr. Courtenay Thorpe, too, acted as a mild tonic. If all the characters gave the farcical rendering that he did to his rôle of a dissolute peer, the production would be much more exhilarating.

Mr. Frank Hollins
(Jimmy Foster)



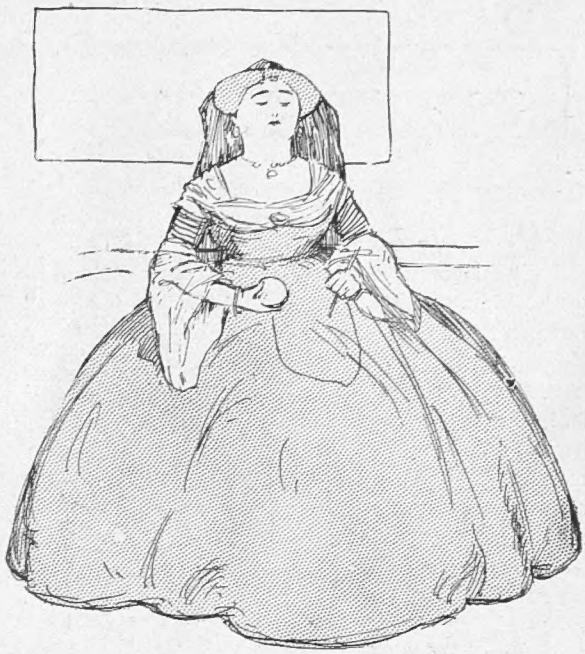
Mr. Leonard Boyne *(Captain Dering)*

Concerning Theatre Reforms

The British theatre-going public passes from apathy to frenzy with the speed of a barometric needle registering the changes of the climate during some of the afternoons we have experienced of late. Popular clamour now demands a répertoire theatre and booked seats. It is a pity that these vital questions should crowd upon one another, because in some indefinable manner a subtle connection between the two is suggested, whereas they are as wide asunder as the Poles. This connection is not harmful in any manner except for the possibility that the fall of the one might bring about the fall of the other. Without attempting to deal with the two questions, I will only mention what, perhaps, a few people might be unaware of, viz., the United States have enjoyed for some considerable time the reforms for which we are striving. The booking of seats is attended by danger from one source alone—ticket speculators. In the United States they are an abominable nuisance, but it is exceedingly unlikely that they would flourish in the face of really determined opposition from English theatre managers. In America it is notorious that the managers, if not actually in league with them, are inclined, in vulgar parlance, to wink the other eye. It is urged that the booking of seats would *do* away with the patronage of the man who makes up his mind to go to the theatre at the last moment. It is difficult to see why this should be. It certainly has not this effect in America, where theatre-going is far less of a solemn, pre-arranged function than it is in England. If a man makes up his mind late to go to a theatre, he can apply at the box-office for a seat in the pit or gallery. If there is not one to be obtained, he can apply for standing room, and is very little worse off than a man who has to stand under present conditions for two hours on the chance of obtaining a seat. Many of the arguments against reform, such as the decreased number of people who will be accommodated in pit and gallery, when seats can be booked, are the offspring of managerial greed. Some managers have traded so long on the discomfort of playgoers that the platform, one man one seat, does not raise their enthusiasm.

At the Empire

The cult of the child playgoer continues apace. The other week, in a retrospective mood, slightly tinged with envy, I contrasted the days when we were seven, and affected the theatre at the rarest intervals, with the present time, when the manager finds it worth his while to cater for children. The Empire management have now fallen into line by establishing children's *matinées*.



Miss Katerine Stewart as "Lady Grampier"

The choice of a programme for these *matinées* has been well made. Ching Ling Foo, the Biograph, and the new ballet of Toyland, "The Dancing Doll." The most pampered child playgoer could not ask for more in the matter of amusement. The ballet, especially, is calculated to make children of us all. With exemplary skill the producers have introduced into a fairy spectacle those familiar toys, whose ugliness constituted, perhaps, their chief charm. After a *valse des poupées*, with its blaze of colour and whirl of graceful movement, there enters, with galumping step, those red soldiers, whose rigidity at attention and fixed eyes front, breathed the very spirit of martial discipline. And not alone an army of soldiers, but an army of dolls, piccaninnies, Spaniards, Japanese, dolls from France, from the Tyrol, from all parts, following the lead given them by the incomparable Mlle. Gênée. These *matinées* will be repeated on Wednesday and Saturday of this week. E. C. S.

Mrs. Langtry as "Mrs. Dering"

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Lady Doreen Long

Lady Doreen Long, the charming wife of the President of the Local Government Board, is a daughter of the late Lord Cork, and has inherited much of her mother's grace and beauty. At the time of her marriage, Lady Cork was considered the most beautiful woman in England, and she was almost equally celebrated for her wit. Lady Doreen has also some claim to a good constitution, as on the tomb to one of her ancestresses is the curious epitaph:

Lived to the age of a hundred and ten,
And died of a fall from a cherry tree then.

Lady Doreen is very fond of animals, and prefers life in the country to life in town. Her husband, Mr. Walter Long, was at one time the most-hated man in England, as he introduced the obnoxious muzzling order which excited so much anger among dog lovers. To those who know him, he is the most genial of men.

Photo by *Esmé Collings*

Lady Doreen Long

Wife of the Rt. Hon. W. H. Long, President of the Local Government Board

Lady Grosvenor

The subject of our frontispiece, Lady Grosvenor, the mother of the Duke of Westminster, and wife of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, is a very picturesque and delightful personality. Her beauty is fascinating rather than classical, and she always affects white and light colours in dress, which are very

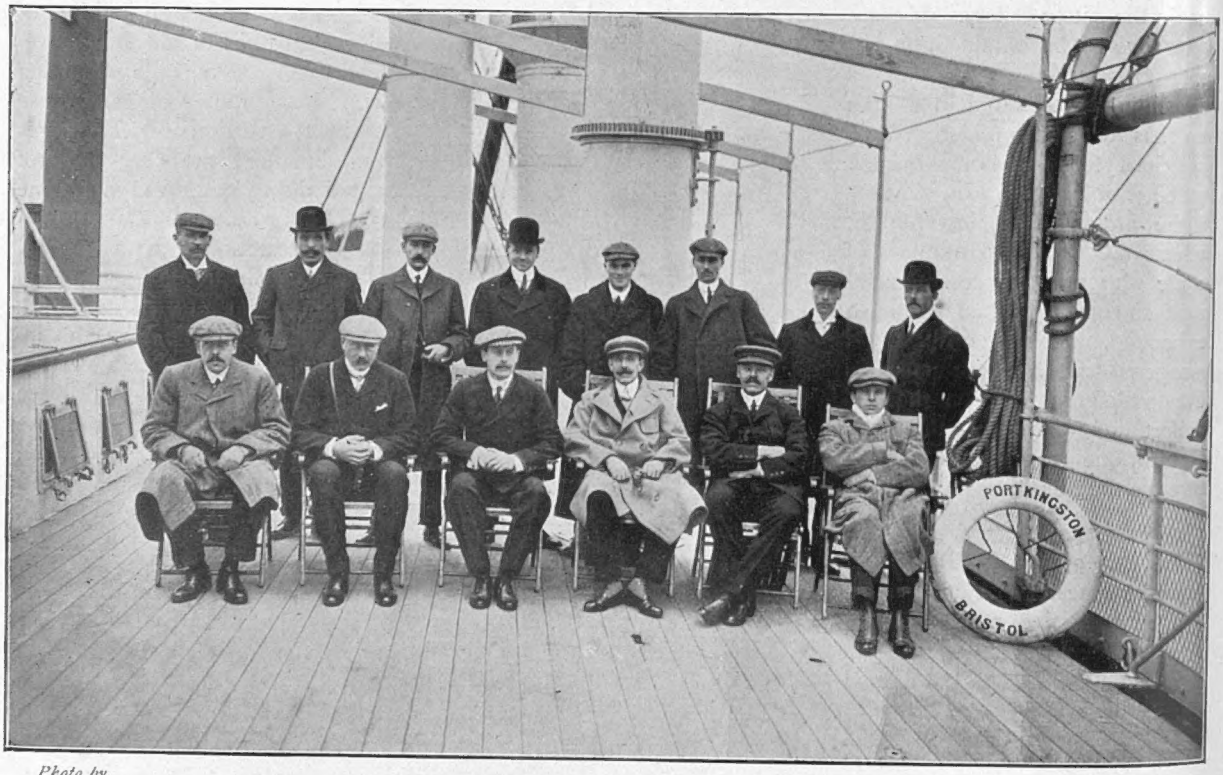


Photo by *Protheroe*

The English cricket team now playing in the West Indies

The team includes—Lord Brackley (Eton and Lancashire) Captain, C. P. Foley (Eton, Cambridge, and Middlesex), Captain E. G. Wynyard (Charterhouse and Hampshire), R. C. W. Burn (Manchester and Oxford), G. H. Simpson-Hayward (Malvern and Worcestershire), H. Heskett-Prichard (Malvern and Worcestershire), T. G. O. Cole (Harrow and Lancashire), A. F. Somerset (Sussex), C. H. M. Ebden (Eton, Cambridge, and Sussex), G. H. Drummond (Harrow), E. G. Hayes (Surrey), G. J. Thompson (Northamptonshire), J. Moss, the first-class umpire. The programme includes seventeen fixtures, including three test matches. The team is due back Wednesday, April 19

Mr. George Alexander and His Double

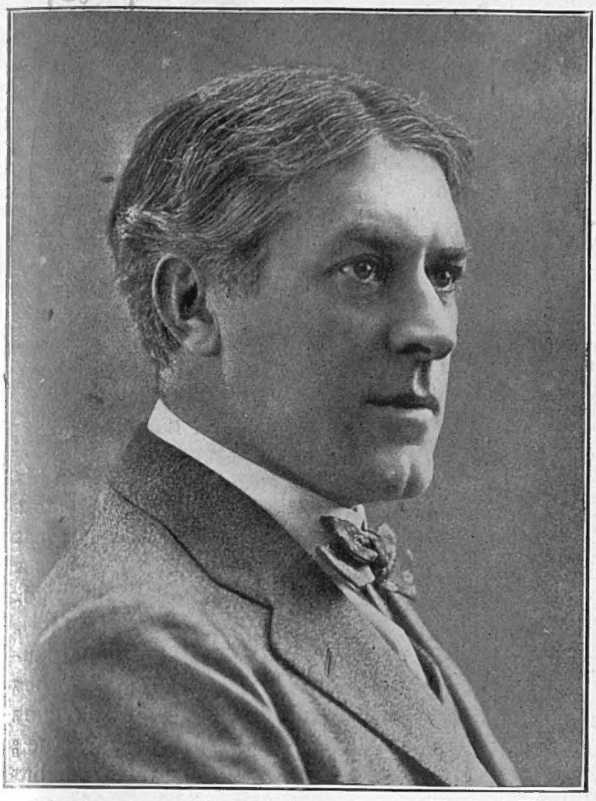
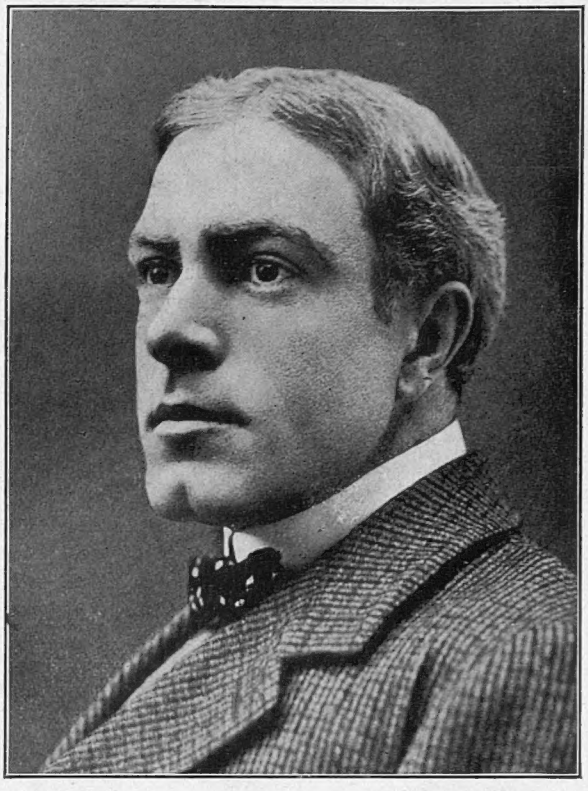


Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. George Alexander

Whose search for a double for the title rôle in *John Chilcote, M.P.*, has at last been rewarded



By permission of *The Daily Chronicle*

Mr. J. W. Thorold

London manager of the *Smart Set* who will play the double in *John Chilcote, M.P.*

becoming to her fair hair and clear complexion. At Saighton Grange, Lady Grosvenor's Cheshire home, she has a wonderful series of gardens: one for bulb and spring flowers, another for "sweet lavender," a third for roses, while the fourth is known as the "Saints," and set apart for the flowers supposed to bloom on certain Saints' days.

Mr. Alexander's Double

At last the celebrated cleft chin of Mr. George Alexander has been duplicated, and the public may rest assured that *John Chilcote, M.P.*, will be produced in due course. Mr. Alexander is not the kind of manager to exploit his productions by the methods which gain favour among the lesser fry in the profession, but the search for a double has turned out an advertisement which is not to be gainsaid. We trust that *John Chilcote, M.P.*, will not be numbered among the plays of which more is talked before than after production.

An Apology

To the parties concerned we express regret for an error which crept into these columns in the issue for January 11. A photograph was published of Lady De La Warr, daughter of Colonel C. Lennox Tredcroft, of Glen Ancrum, Guildford. By inadvertence the paragraph accompanying the illustration referred to Earl De La Warr's first wife, Muriel, Lady De La Warr, the second daughter of Lord Brassey.

Great Wyrley Cattle Maiming Case

Last week, in THE BYSTANDER, some comments were made on the Edalji case, which, from correspondence received, seems to have caused so much interest to our readers, that a few particulars respecting the individuals in the case may not be found amiss. The Edalji family, as its name suggests, is of Parsee origin. The Rev. Shapurji Edalji is, as a matter of fact, a Parsee by birth, who became a convert to Christianity, and thirty-five years ago took Holy Orders. He has been for twenty-seven years vicar of Great Wyrley in Staffordshire. He married an Englishwoman and has two children, his son George, who is now serving his sentence of seven years' penal servitude, and a daughter. To anyone unacquainted with India, exactly what a Parsee means is a matter of some confusion. Parsees are a community who principally inhabit Bombay, and are thoroughly respected by Europeans. They are usually engaged in peaceful pursuits, and most of them are well-to-do, while many are extremely wealthy. They are very strict in their code of morals. They make fine business men and admirable lawyers, are honourable and upright in their dealings generally, and have made Bombay, what it proudly claims to be, "the second city of the British Empire." The Parsees are a patriarchal race, and still retain many of the characteristics of their ancestors who emigrated to India from Persia on account of their religion (fire worship).

The Rev. S. Edalji and His Son

The Rev. S. Edalji has the sallow complexion, the modest demeanour, and the patient expression, which are the distinguishing features of his race. His son George, too, in spite of the fact that

The Edalji Case. Is Justice at Fault?

George Edalji

Who is now undergoing seven years' penal servitude in connection with the Great Wyrley Maiming Case

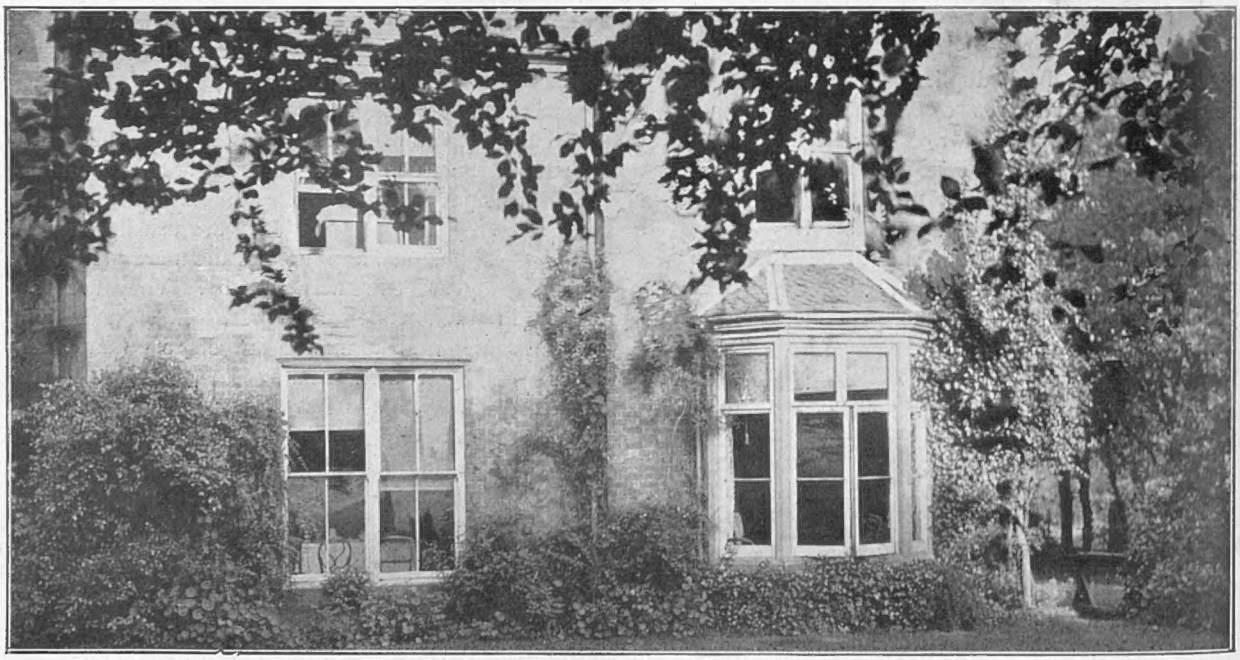
his mother is English, and that he was born and bred here, resembles far more a young Parsee than a young Englishman. He was educated at Rugeley Grammar School, and afterwards at Mason College, Birmingham. Taking up the law as a profession, he obtained honours in the Incorporated Law Society's examination, and won a gold medal from the Birmingham Law Society. He, moreover, has written a treatise on Railway Law, which was published by Effingham Wilson in his series of legal handbooks. Elsewhere in this number we have dealt with the evidence in the Edalji case, and, therefore, in this portion of the paper, which is devoted to the personalities of people, we do not propose to review it. But we do think it right to ask whether a great cosmopolitan nation like ours is going to refuse justice to a poor prisoner because he happens to have Asiatic blood in his veins? The Press of this country unanimously condemned the police in the Beck case, and yet, though there is reason to believe there is still more culpability—not to use a stronger word—in this Edalji case, several daily newspapers which had been asked by George Edalji's father to examine into this conviction have declined to do so. In the interests of British justice, and because a review of the evidence certainly warrants it, we hope the whole case will be threshed out afresh.

The Rev. S. Edalji

Father of George Edalji

Madame Le Bargy

It was the elegant, the ineffable M. Le Bargy himself who first discovered Madame Simone Le Bargy's strong dramatic ability, and who developed it with all the care and anxiety of a proud professor. Besides being one of the first sociétaires of the Comédie Française, M. Le Bargy is one of the first masters of the Paris Conservatoire—and also one of the most critical, as even his wife knew. She has certainly been one of his most successful pupils, and, if not a great actress, can be great in certain rôles, and never fails to be interesting as a "personality." Here, she takes after her husband. M. Le Bargy is essentially a "personality." He is, perhaps, the best-dressed man in Paris, and is particularly famous for his ties. It is stated that he chooses his ties to suit the weather. Thus, when the skies are bright, then are M. Le Bargy's ties a radiant blue; but when a storm is near, then is his tie a sombre purple. Equally perfect in her dress is Madame Simone Le Bargy, and given also to assuming many a little pose. The writers of the topical revues love to crack jokes at the expense of those "grandes personages"—M. et Mme. Le Bargy. They entertain lavishly, and are now deploring the loss of a chef, who behaved really disgracefully. Thus: the chef was amorous of Madame Le Bargy's maid, but the maid was cold to the chef, because he loved strong waters. Returning one afternoon to his kitchen more amorous and more—



Great Wyrley Vicarage, the home of the Rev. S. Edalji

Mme. Le Bargy's Fire-eating Chef

unsteady than ever, he was received with the maid's angriest glances. In despair, the chef brought forth a revolver, and proclaimed his intention of shooting himself; but when the fair one had left the kitchen, he changed his mind, and, instead of opening fire upon himself, opened fire upon his pots and pans. A fearful din in the kitchen, and—the chef had to go. "And he was such a perfect chef," sighs Mme. Le Bargy, in telling the story.

The Torrey-Alexander Mission

Dr. Reuben Archer Torrey and Mr. Charles M. Alexander, who are billed to appear shortly at the Albert Hall, have been widely referred to as the "New Moody and Sankey," but, perhaps, the title of "the Evangelical Barnum and Bailey" would more accurately describe them. Needless to say, they come from the United States, and are, therefore, fully conversant with the greatest of modern arts—the art of advertisement. Dr. Torrey, the leading member of the Torrey-Alexander troupe, is delightfully described in the advance advertising, with which the advent of the mission is heralded, as "an American without Americanisms" possessed of a "whole-souled sympathy and yearning," which at times "seems to look right out of the alert and manly personality of the preacher." Since giving up football he has found sufficient exercise in walking round the 20 ft. circle of polluted atmosphere with which he declares the unregenerate smoker surrounds himself, and since he has given up poker he has made it his recreation to denounce bridge. Full particulars of Mr. Alexander, the other star performer in the company, are also to be found in the same pamphlet from which the previous quotations have been taken. From this source it may be learned that in his great part as "The Son of Asaph" he "baffles description"; that he was "created for music as a canary was made to sing"; that every chord in his soul "is a harp-string tuned to a noble key"; and that there is in him "an entire absence of side." His greatest artistic triumph is known as the "Glory Song," which is stated to be irresistible. His greatest achievement was his marriage with Miss Cadbury, thus reversing the usual order of things in regard to Transatlantic marriages. The Torrey-Alexander Mission has now been touring the globe for a couple of years, but since, like most other theatrical enterprises, the accounts

Photo by Reutlinger

Mme. Le Bargy

The noted French actress, whom Mr. George Alexander has engaged for his forthcoming production of "L'Adversaire" at the St. James's Theatre

Photo by Biograph Studio

Mlle. Genée

The "première danseuse" at the Empire, as she appears in the title *rôle* of the new ballet. "The Dancing Doll"

London Meekly Awaits Conversion

have not been given to the public, it is impossible to do more than guess at the measure of its success. But that it has not been small may be assumed from the nature of the audiences, and from the fact that a silver collection admits to the best seats. For substantial reasons, also, the West End has been selected for conversion. To the professional evangelist, the gilded brand is much better worth snatching from the burning than a whole faggot of plain sticks.

The Woodchurch Wonder

The sleepy little village of Woodchurch, near Ashford, Kent, has just awaked from centuries of lethargy, to find itself famous as the home of Charles Watts. The justification of this long-deferred recognition lies in the astounding size of its hero, who, though only fourteen years of age, and still a scholar at the parish school, stands six feet in his socks and weighs twenty-three stone. Unlike Joe, the famous fat boy of the "Pickwick Papers," whose employment consisted solely of alternate eating and sleeping, Master Watts is quite active, and able to lend his father a hand (somewhat resembling a small York ham in size) when occasion requires. After this, Peckham will rejoice no more, for its pride in its erstwhile hero, Johnny Trundley, lies humbled in the dust. Yet, even Master Watts breaks no record, for we read that Edward Bright, of Essex, who was thirty when he died, in 1750, weighed forty-four stone, while the famous Daniel Lambert, of Leicester, weighed over fifty-two stone. So that even the Pride of Peckham may take heart of grace again.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Miss Ellaline Terris (Mrs. Seymour Hicks)

To whom is extended the heartiest congratulations of playgoers and the profession on the birth of her daughter. The little girl in the illustration is the adopted child of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks

Photo by *Mills*

Dr. R. A. Torrey

Photo by *Haines*

Mr. Charles M. Alexander

WHO WILL SHORTLY OPEN A REVIVALIST MISSION IN THE ALBERT HALL

The Latest Fat Boy—The "Woodchurch Wonder"

Photos by *Topical Agency*

Charles Watts, age 14, height 6 ft., weight 23 stone, goes for a ride

AT THE SIGN OF THE TIMES

Possibilities

Dissolution is in the air. The Danish Ministry has recently fallen; the French Ministry is falling as we go to press—if M. Combes had consulted us, he would have anticipated the event by a day or two; the English Ministry—well, it is too good a Ministry ever really to fall. But people are saying that, now that the sales are over, and there is very little chance of skating, and the entire defencelessness of our land from foreign attack has been satisfactorily demonstrated by the *Standard*, it would be only thoughtful of Mr. Balfour to go to the country. A general election would, in fact, interest people, and might interest Mr. Balfour.

A General's Critics

It is becoming more and more apparent that General Stoessel should not have surrendered Port Arthur. For one thing, there was plenty of ammunition, and, for another, the besieged seemed rather to enjoy their condition than otherwise. Women and children—according to the *Times* correspondent—were getting quite accustomed to shells, and "champagne was always obtainable." Perhaps, however, the General acted in the interests of such of the besieged as were teetotalers, and could not be expected to enjoy themselves as heartily as the others.

Shells are Shells

At the same time, it should be borne in mind—especially by those of us who have never been in a siege—that the process of becoming accustomed to shells is not altogether a stimulating one. It may have its own charms, but it is hard to think that it is so delightful, for instance, that one feels lost without a shell or two whizzing through one's room, as General Stoessel's critics would seem to want us to believe.

The Difference

Protection and the new Spring mode of dressing the hair continue to be topics of interest. With regard to the latter, which is evidently the more interesting of the two, we understand that the *pouffant* — or puffing — system has already been dropped by ladies with any pretension to fashion, and something far more *chic*, splendid and indescribable (except by a proposed coiffeur) is taking its place. If only Mr. Chamberlain would take a lesson from the fair sex and introduce some novelty! Alas, Protection continues—and will continue—to be puffed.

A QUESTION OF COMPENSATION

"Wot I arsk, Constable, is wot is this 'ere dook with is cocky-ade a-goin' to pay me for up-setting my apple cart?"

A view of Hexham from the station

The picturesque and usually quiet old town of Hexham, in Northumberland, is just now greatly agitated about the presence of a wolf in the district. Although picture postcards are being sold showing the wolf killed on the railway near Carlisle, the farmers and agriculturists are still having their flocks ravaged. A great quantity of firearms and ammunition is said to have been sold to farmers lately on market day, and the leading topic of conversation is how to catch the terror—if it really exists!

Protection for the Drawing Room

In fact, the Tariff Reform League is, from all accounts, working at its very highest pressure, issuing leaflets "dealing with the subject of Protection, both from a Domestic and an Imperial point of view." Not having had the pleasure of perusing either, we cannot undertake to explain the difference between the Domestic and the Imperial leaflets. Probably, the Imperial ones put the thing more strongly, while the Domestic may be placed in the hands of our young ones without any fear of raising a blush.

The Resolute Sex

"It is now quite certain"—says a fashion writer—"that the determination of the modish woman to possess a graceful waist measurement is adamantine in its quality." Mere men may wonder, but the old proverb holds good: "Where there's a will, there's a waist."

"Pour le Mérite"

Consistency is not one of the virtues to which the Kaiser would lay claim. Otherwise, after the vast trouble he has taken to expurgate French words from the German language—a Herculean and most unsuccessful labour—he would hardly like to confess, as he has done lately, that the highest military distinction which he has it in his power to bestow, is the "Ordre Pour le Mérite." Some French terms, no doubt, cannot be translated into German. *Pouffant*—above mentioned—is one of them: *entente cordiale* is another in our humble opinion. But for "Pour le Mérite" there must surely be some Prussian equivalent.

Correcting a Conclusion

Before producing *Much Ado About Nothing*, Mr. Beerbohm Tree confided to an interviewer that "the *rôle* of Benedick has fallen to me." The public, however, should not conclude from this that the parts played by the various members of a company are decided by the old-fashioned method of shaking up names in a hat. Quite the contrary.

Ollendorf Up-to-Date

EXERCISE II. TARIFF REFORM.

(*It is thought that foreigners visiting this country, and anxious to understand its politics, might derive a good deal of benefit by accustoming themselves beforehand to our current phraseology by translating the following into their own tongue.*)

Are you the brother of the straw-hat manufacturer? No, I am the cousin of the cotton-spinner. You are ruined. Your cousin is ruined. The sister-in-law of your uncle is ruined. All the world is ruined. I am not sure that I believe you. You are not a whole-hogger. You are a little pigger. You do not think Imperially. What does the Prime Minister think? The Prime Minister does not think. He thinks little. What he does think, he does not say. You say that you are not a dumper: what then are these chairs that I see before me? They are English chairs, Australian chairs, Canadian, South African. The chairs come from Jamaica. The name upon them is nothing. The working-man's wages will soon be doubled. They will be trebled, quadrupled. He will be very rich.

Photo by *Yorke*

The new Carnegie Library at Stratford-on-Avon

At last the Library, the site of which has been the cause of so much contention between Miss Corelli and Mr. Andrew Carnegie and others, is opened, to the relief, it must be confessed, of the general public. Sir George O. Trevelyan, nephew of Lord Macaulay, performed the ceremony on January 4

He will ride a cock horse. When will this be? In a few months—in a few weeks. I do not care for jam. Jam is made with sugar. I do not like sugar. Please do not mention sugar to me. It is very bad for the digestion. I talk Imperially as well as think it. It is rude to go to sleep. . . .

New Use for the Divining-Rod

The *Times* has decided against the virtues of the divining-rod, but many people, including professional dowsers—or water-finders — still maintain that in proper hands its detective powers are indubitable. It is rumoured that in some parts of the country the police have decided to substitute these hazel wands for stop-watches, as being a more reliable apparatus for measuring the speed of motor-cars.

Perfect Clarity

A little time ago we asked in these columns how the verb "to marry" ought to be used. The *St. James's Gazette* has done us the honour of discussing the matter, and arrived at the conclusion, apparently, that it is an ambiguous word. An Esperantist, however, has written to show that in Esperanto there is no such ambiguity. He says:

> Starting from the root *edzo*, which means a married, a suffix *ighi* (soft "g") denotes becoming a married person or marrying oneself—*edzighi*: while a suffix *igi* (hard "g") denotes the action of causing a person to marry—*edzigi*. Hence the following is perfectly clear: *Li edzighis kun sia kuzino, krankam siaj gepatroj votis edzigi sin kun alia persono.* . . .

It is pleasant to know that this is perfectly clear to somebody.

MINIMUS.

Corrected Impressions

THE SCHOOLROOM

MOTHER: Ethel!! what is this I find you reading?

ETHEL (*aged ten*): Only "Robinson Crusoe," mother.

MOTHER: Disgraceful!! All about a black man, with no—— Ethel! I'm surprised.

ETHEL: Why, mother?

MOTHER: Well, it's not quite a book for young girls.

(*Exit Mother*)

(*Ethel spends a week trying to find out what is wrong—or exciting—in "Robinson Crusoe." She fails.*)

THE SCHOOLROOM

GOVERNESS: Now, girls, you can skip that page.

ETHEL (*aged fifteen*): Why, Miss Harbut?

GOVERNESS: Well, I think it better that girls should always skip it.

ETHEL: Is there anything wrong in it, Miss Harbut?

GOVERNESS: Now, Ethel, no questions, please.

ETHEL: But I thought there was nothing wrong in Shakespeare.

GOVERNESS: Silence at once.

(*Ethel spends a week trying to find out what is wrong in Shakespeare. She fails.*)

THE STUDY

ETHEL (*aged twenty-one*): Dad, can I read this book?

FATHER: Um—well—that is—how old are you now?

ETHEL: Twenty-one and three months, Dad.

FATHER: Well—if you like, only——There, run away!

(*Ethel spends ten minutes over the book, and is bored to death.*)

HER ROOM

ETHEL: (*aged twenty-one and seven months*): I say, Hilda, have you read "The Pink Pink"?

HILDA: Rather!

ETHEL: Isn't it beautifully naughty?

HILDA: Rather.

(*Ethel and Hilda separately read the book again, and wish they could see the point of it.*)

HER OWN DINING ROOM

ETHEL (*aged thirty-one*): Frank, you are dull—why, "La Vie Impossible," it is simply excruciating!

FRANK: I bar this French truck.

ETHEL: Oh, you innocent old humbug!

FRANK: I can't think why you read it.

ETHEL: Oh, my dear, dear boy, it's a classic—and one ought to keep up one's French.

ETHEL'S LIBRARY

"*Robinson Crusoe*," "*Tristram Shandy*," "*The Pink Pink*," "*La Vie Impossible*."

On the surface Ethel (*aged thirty-six*) *is charming and piquante. Below the surface—thank goodness—she is still Ethel, aged ten. She has read all these books to find what was exciting—and—she has failed.*

A TALL STORY

ESTATE AGENT (*anxious to sell undesirable property*): "Is the soil productive? Why, my dear sir, it will make anything grow, even the very labourers, unless they are careful not to have holes in their boots"

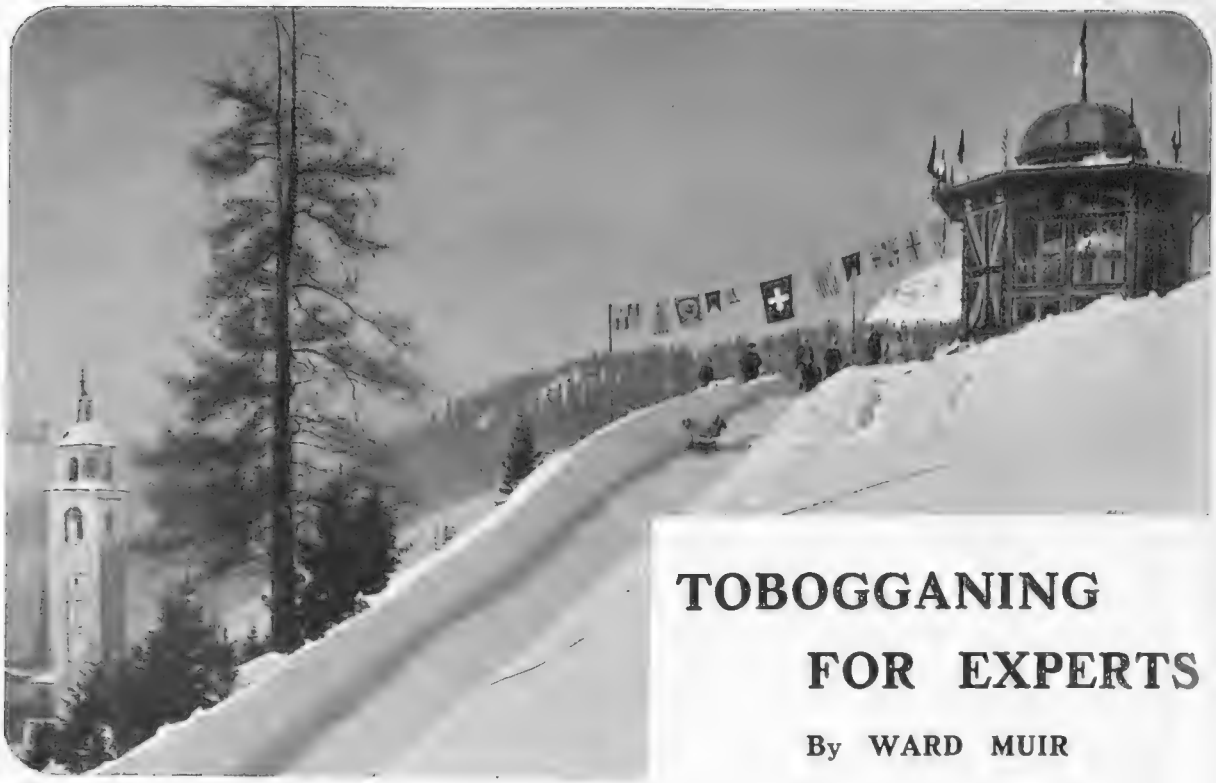


Photo by *Gallance*

Starting from the top of the Cresta Toboggan Run, St. Moritz

TOBOGGANING FOR EXPERTS

By WARD MUIR

(Continued from last week)

ALL toboggan races, it must be understood, are run by timing, and never by actual side-by-side comparison. And the timing on the Cresta has been reduced to an exactitude of tenths of seconds. How is this managed? Simply enough. As the tobogganer crosses the starting-line, he snaps a thin thread, which sets in motion a specially-made electric clock. The instant he reaches the end of his run, another thread is broken similarly, and the second-hand of the said clock stops, registering his precise time in transit. Down at the finish of the run is a telephone box, and the tobogganer is hardly off his machine before he can be told by an attendant how long he took to descend.

All of which, it is obvious, spells money. It is impossible to have electric clocks, and miles of telephone wires, and semaphores, and look-out turrets, without paying for them. Still, no one who has ever seen the Cresta—or better still, ridden it—will say it is money ill expended.

Casualties Day by Day

The Cresta, after all, is not so extravagant as (say) tiger-shooting! But it provides hardly less excitement, and certainly not fewer perils. If the measure of a sport's excellence lies in the proportion of danger which it holds for its pursuers, then the Cresta ought to be well up in the list. Scarcely a day passes but someone comes home from the Cresta with a broken wrist, a sprained ankle, or minus a few teeth; and occasionally, alas! the accidents are far more serious. Nor is this anything to be astonished at. You cannot hurl yourself down a sinuous trench of ice at from fifty to seventy miles an hour, on a machine which will alter its course in response to the slightest inclination of your body, or the tiniest inequality in its path, without taking some hazards. But as a training for the nerves and muscles, as a teacher of presence of mind, the whole performance is incomparable. What if there comes a day when you break a rib? Mightn't the same thing have happened on a football field? Don't we run equal risks every time we dodge through the traffic in the Strand?

Eighty Miles an Hour

The top section of the Cresta, known as the "Church Leap," is something steeper than the roof of a house; and to see one of the masters of tobogganing—Bott, Baron de Forest, Thoma, De Bylandt, or Knapp—negotiating it, is a vision for the gods. But the most exciting place, without doubt, is at the finish. After a longish strip of straight, and a sudden dip, the course rushes up a steep hill, and at the summit loses itself in soft snow on the level. So terrific is the speed of the tobogganer at this point (I think I am correct in saying that eighty miles an hour has been registered over a measured fifty yards on the straight just mentioned), that, although he brakes hard *up* the hill he cannot prevent his machine from leaping skyward at the top. To see rider after rider swoop up that slope, and fly into the air, landing twenty, thirty, forty feet off in a shower of snow, is to experience an indescribable thrill. Mr. Spence once leapt sixty feet here; and another rider, who won the "Grand National" on the Cresta, was flung so badly that for a couple of hours afterwards he was unconscious, and did not know of his triumph. On landing after the jump, the heavy steel "skeleton" is apt to give its rider a severe blow, and knock the breath out of him; and for this reason it is almost wiser to let go of the machine just

Mr. Spence on the rise of the Cresta

At this part of the run the speed attained is something like eighty miles an hour. The bottom of the run is soon reached, when, after a sudden dip, the course rushes up a steep hill and loses itself in soft snow on the level

Photos by *Ballance*

Mr. Spence's great leap in mid-air at the end of the Ashbourne Cup Race, 1902, on the Cresta Run, St. Moritz

The force is such, with which the toboggan rushes up the incline at the end of the run, that the toboggan and rider leap over the summit, and are hurled deep into the soft snow. Mr. Spence, who is seen making another leap, once landed sixty feet from the summit

before falling, and allow it to bury itself in one drift while the rider buries himself in another.

Beginners must Go Easy

To go to St. Moritz and try to ride the Cresta from the top of Church Leap to the finish would be madness for the average novice. The proper way to learn the Cresta is in sections. It is thus that it is built. At the beginning of the winter the piece from the foot to just below "Shuttlecock" is made; later, the stretch from Shuttlecock to the "Junction" (below Church Leap); and, finally, Church Leap itself. To be thoroughly *au fait* with the Cresta's subtleties, the tobogganer must settle down to a whole winter in St. Moritz (no very dreadful penance!) and practice on it bit by bit as it is opened up.

Baron de Forest starting to run down the Cresta

Baron de Forest, who is one of the most expert of Cresta tobogganers, is a naturalised British subject. He is well known in London society, and was the adopted son of the late Baron Hirsch

Such questions as the choice of a toboggan, the buying of rakes, pads, etc., may well be left till the arrival in Switzerland. Toboggan building is at its best in St. Moritz. What the St. Moritz builder doesn't know about frames, weights, lines, grooving the runners, and so forth, isn't worth knowing. All these details have been calculated with an exactitude which seems at first sight worthy of a better cause. That the cause could not possibly be a worthier one, I leave the future visitor to St. Moritz to discover and proclaim to the world for himself. My next subject in tobogganing will deal with "bob-sleighing."

WARD MUIR.

Photos by *Ballance*

A spill during the Grand National Races on the Cresta Run

Scarcely a day passes without an accident occurs on the Cresta, but they for the most part are slight and hardly to be wondered at when speeds of fifty or eighty miles an hour are reached at various points of the run. On the right of the illustration is the grand stand covered with spectators

"Half-Hours with Great Authors"

No. II.—BOSWELL'S CHAMBERLAIN

(THIS IS A FRAGMENT FROM THE WELL-KNOWN "LIFE OF DR. CHAMBERLAIN," BY MR. JESSE BOSWELL)

. . . Dr. Chamberlain and I dined this evening at the Cecil, in company with Mr. Chaplin, Sir H. Vincent, Mr. Vince, and other of our good friends. I had never seen Dr. C. so argumentative. We discussed the question whether drinking improved conversation and benevolence. Mr. Pearson maintained it did. Dr. C. said: "No, sir, before dinner men meet with great inequality of understanding, and those who are conscious of their inferiority have the modesty not to talk. When they have drunk wine, every man loses that modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous; but he is not improved; he is only not sensible of his defects."

As Mr. Pearson appeared to take this remark personally, I hastened to change the conversation. "What think you," I asked, "of the Duke of Devonshire?" Chamberlain: "Sir, I think he is a Duke." Boswell: "I do not follow you, sir." Chamberlain: "If you mean by that remark, sir, that you do not understand me, I consider that you are speaking the truth. It is my misfortune to be followed by a great many people who do not understand me." Mr. Pearson (grumbling): "That's because you will bring up statistics, though you know they're against us. What I say is——" Dr. C. glared at him so hard at this point, however, that he had not the hardihood to continue speaking. Boswell: "You have not yet explained, sir, what you mean by a Duke." Chamberlain: "I mean, sir, a person who has a sufficiently large hall or erection for me to make a speech in, and also enough agricultural labourers to fill that hall or erection." Boswell: "Surely, sir, the Duke of Devonshire answers your requirements?" Chamberlain: "Sir, if you had allowed me to conclude my sentence, you would have heard that there was a third quality necessary to the make-up of a Duke. He should have no mind of his own." Boswell: "But the Duke of Devonshire has a mind of his own." Chamberlain: "Then, sir, he is a bad Duke." He was so pleased at having crushed me in this manner that he was silent for a moment, and Mr. Chaplin got a word in: "I venture to state, and, to put it shortly, I have little or no hesitation in remarking, that if I were Rosebery—" Chamberlain: "You would be a fool, sir." Mr. Chaplin: "I am not so deucedly positive, sir; in fact, I am by no means disposed to believe, sir, that you are as accurate and scrupulously correct, as well-intentioned and friendly disposed, in making that remark——"

NOT FOR HIM

"Do you know, Sawyer, that your continual state of intoxication will one day lead you to weeping and gnashing of teeth?"

"All ri', sir, I don't mind. Let them as 'as 'em, gnash 'em!"

While Mr. Chaplin busied himself with this sentence, for the peroration to which no man among us would have cared to wait, Mr. Vince approached the Doctor with the following question: "Should you be willing, sir, to select shipbuilding as our next ruined industry?" Chamberlain: "It is all the same to me, sir. I think Imperially." Mr. Vince: "Quite so—the only thing is, that Campbell-Bannerman may speak up for it." Chamberlain: "In that case I shall trounce him soundly. He has no manners." Mr. Vince: "He is undoubtedly a Liberal, sir; but then so were we all once——"

I was afraid that Dr. C. was about to break out into an invective against his former Party. At this moment, however, Mr. Chaplin, who had not finished his previous sentence, was heard to say: "I was seeking to contend, sir, and I was about to establish——" "Good Heavens!" said Dr. C, and rushed from the room.

When he is in one of these moods it is very difficult for me to show the Doctor in the full plenitude of his idealism to a public that only dimly comprehends him. . . .

CONCERNING MR. MAX PEMBERTON

(NO. 60 OF THE SERIES)

There are only two Maxes, and they both write. That habit is probably the one thing that they have in common; for it is fairly safe to say that where the romances of Mr. Pemberton are regarded as a standard of literary achievement, the early whimsies and the still freakish wisdom of Mr. Beerbohm do not penetrate. The seekers of interviews are fond of describing Mr. Pemberton as the model of a wholesome Englishman. The phrase would never come into their minds in the exposing of Mr. Beerbohm's personality to the world, although he, too, is really quite wholesome, and as English as it is possible for a man of ideas to be. Again, Mr. Pemberton, who rowed at Cambridge, is one of that association of demigods, the Leander Club. The portion upon earth of Mr. Beerbohm has been sweetened by no such honour, for at Oxford he never laboured at the oar, and although Nature surely framed him for a cox as delicate-handed as ever cleared the Gut, he proved a disappointment to her. Mr. Pemberton, in fine, is as healthy, as genuine, as enthusiastic, as breezy, as genial, as indefatigable, as versatile, and as keen a sportsman as a man can be without getting himself incontinently caught up to Heaven. The other Max is merely a writer.

Yet there was a time when Mr. Max Pemberton wandered perilously near the border of a more austere province of letters than that which he adorns to-day. Old Cambridge friends of his whisper among themselves of certain soaring essays prepared by Pemberton of Caius, for the exaltation of the Literary Society of that ancient College; and of a term when he was that Society's President. It is not every man who can raise himself to the chair of his College Literary Society—at any rate, in the larger Colleges. Yet Mr. Pemberton has never boasted of this, the earliest of his triumphs.

His first assaults upon the publishers and editors are believed to have been frontal attacks of the Caius Literary Society order. Profound papers, in which the soundness of the critical judgment shown was in pleasing contrast to the light brilliancy of the style, were elucubrated. Some of the manuscripts, slightly shop-worn, still exist. It is said that it was Sir Alfred Harmsworth, at that time only a millionaire in the making, and two years Mr. Pemberton's junior, who one day pointed out to the elder young man that articles on (for instance) The Calvinist Element in the Poetry of Burns, or (for example) The Premonitions of the Renaissance in the Monastic Literature of the Fifteenth Century, were unlikely to pay.

The Diary of a Scoundrel, his first novel, came out thirteen years ago. After its appearance and good reception, the way lay open to him. But one creative labour of journalism still remained to be done. He was marked down by the astute eye of Sir Wemyss Reid as the one man among men who could best introduce and edit a new paper for boys. Probably it was his wholesomeness that decided the choice of Sir Wemyss. The result was *Chums*, which was a success from the beginning; but Mr. Pemberton found, after a time, that his editing a weekly imposed too great a strain on the impatience of the public, which clamorously demanded novels from him. So he gave it up.

After that it was novels, novels all the way, until, a few years later, Mr. Pemberton took over the editorship of *Cassell's Magazine*, which he holds to-day.

Reviewers, even the very sternest, will avow a liking for Mr. Max Pemberton. He is perfectly candid in his intention to write for the day, not for the future; and to write for the public which will support him, not for the public which won't. Since, with all this, he writes a far better and sounder book than other more pretentious favourites could produce for their lives, the reviewers like him. He has always a good, organic plot; and he is grammatical. He tells a straightforward story of things happening. Very soon a new one will be coming out.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

(*It has been stated that women take larger sizes in gloves than formerly*)

Phyllis, it was at quite a recent date
(To me you've not been Phyllis very long)
That you at manly games were very great:
You were, if I may say so, "going strong."

Ah me! That service from the left-hand court,
The smashing game that at the net you played;
In this, as in all other forms of sport,
You quite put Amaryllis in the shade.

And when you plied the oar, you earned such praise,
You might have won the colours of Leander;
Then you maintained (I did not like the phrase)
That the same sauce was good for goose and gander.

Later, when in accord with Nature's course
With fallen leaves the woodland paths were thick,
My shins bore testimony to the force
With which you swung around your hockey stick.

But what is this? You've ceased to care for games?
You think that, on the whole, they don't agree with you?
What baneful influence your spirit tames?
Phyllis, my own, whatever now is wrong with you?

What? Read this paragraph? . . "Since womenkind
Have shown such zeal for each unqueenly pastime,
Their former size of gloves too small they find" . . .
So that's why you've played hockey for the last time?

Ah, now I understand, though I confess
It is a thing that takes some understandin';
Did you not tell me, I could never guess—
You merely give up games to keep your hand in!

The author of many stirring tales

MOTORING IN THE MIOCENE AGE

By Major C. G. Matson and Gerald Sichel

Foreword.

The Office Dog, an extremely intelligent animal, but of uncertain breed, who has great idea of rummaging about for himself, recently appeared, after one of his marauding expeditions, bearing in his mouth a large bundle of bones. These he deposited halfway between our Editorial Chair and the Waste-paper Basket, and then barked, as if desirous of calling attention to their merits. They appeared to consist of the shoulder blades of some large animal, and were evidently of considerable antiquity, being brown with age. On one side of each was drawn a rude illustration, and the obverse sides were all covered closely with peculiar hieroglyphics of cuneiform type. These, by the courtesy of the official in charge of the Geological Research Department of the British Museum, have now been translated, and are, as a contemporary and authentic document of the time of the Miocene deposits, offered for the consideration of our more scientific readers. [*Ed. Bystander.*]

Translation.

44, Stalagmite Caverns, Derbyshire,
New Year, B.C. 71849.

My dearest Amy,

I am afraid that it is a long time since I last wrote to you, but I really have so *much* to say that I am now sending you a budget of news, which I hope will reach you safely. It is always a little difficult to get a letter off here, on account of the scarcity of writing materials, as you yourself have found, but now that I am *dans la veine* "here goes!"

We have been having a *tremendous* house-party for the New Year festivities, which included a number of my cousins (the Yorkshire branch of the Troglodytes,

The chauffeur said the "mixture" was admirable, and the way that Georgie manipulated the speed lever was marvellous

When they tried to turn that bad corner into Watling Street, the thing skidded, and Georgie got quite a large lump of Jurassic Oolite stuck into his poor head

you know, dear), and we have been having a perfectly *ripping* time. Hunting *every* day (when we were not shooting), and you will be glad to know that I am getting to be quite a dab with a bow and arrow myself, and *ever* so many Reindeer were killed, so I now have heaps of lovely nice bones to write on, which is very jolly for me, especially as Georgie gave me a perfect love of a bronze stylus on my birthday. *Isn't* he sweet?

Everybody down here has gone perfectly *cracked* over motoring ever since those wretched people, the Pleistocenes, arrived. They have taken a lease of that lovely old cave up in Dove Dale, but they really are too *awful* for words, and the way one of the girls went on towards Georgie was perfectly *scandalous*, one day at the Meet. Well—they started a motor-car, a miserable thing that was *always* breaking down, and so we all thought how lovely it would be if we could have one too, only a *good* one; so Georgie and the boys, who are home from College, picked one out, which the man said was a regular flier. Wasn't it nice of them? All to please poor "ickle me." I don't think I told you that one of my French cousins, Alphonse d'Eocene, is staying with us. He is *very* keen, also, about motoring, and he and I became quite good chums. It seems that over in France they have had them for some time, and everyone rides about in them, and Alphonse even made himself a sort of costume especially for the purpose, in which he looks *very* nice, and which seems to be very "comfy" indeed. He was *most* pol.te, my dear, in fact, his attentions were quite *marke'*, but Mamma told me not to take any great notice, as *all* the French were like that. They wanted

head surgeon is such a clever, thoughtful man, and he soon extracted the stone from poor Georgie's head

trephined, or whatever they call it. He said it gave him quite a headache, they would keep on so.

The car was soon repaired by our *chauffeur* (such a skilful fellow he seems to be, with most *beautiful* violet eyes; I am *sure* he must be a gentleman in disguise), and papa said we *must* go and call on the Pleistocenes, as they are really quite an old county family, especially as he has once or twice met Mr. P—— out hunting, and wants to sell him a well-broken Hyracotherium now that we have got the motor, so mamma and I drove over and left cards. I *know* that horrid cat, Ermyntrude Pleistocene *was* in, although they said "not at home." I did not take Georgie with me, he is too susceptible. We are going to be married *quite* soon now, dearest, so I shall be able to keep my eye on him. We shall make our wedding-tour *en auto*, and I will write soon after we get to Switzerland.

Good-bye, dear one,

toujours à toi,

GWLADYS TROGLODYTE.

P.S.—I *do* hope Papa *won't* sell our dear old Hyracotherium. He is a perfectly *sweet* little mount for a lady, and it is not so easy to get these three-toed horses now, so the "vet." says. G. T.

n to go out on the trial trip, but I th ught I would wait and see how they g on, so the boys went in the Tonneau, w h the two gentlemen in front. I w tched them start, and really, it w s *most* exciting, but spoilt by th se horrid, vulgar boys. The machine w nt down the hill in record time, I am t ld, as the *chauffeur* said the "mixture" w s admirable, and the way that G orgie manipulated the speed lever w s marvellous, but when they tried to turn that bad corner into Watling S et, the thing skidded, and it nearly resulted in their having a nasty accident. Georgie got quite a large chunk of Jurassic Oolite stuck into his poor head, and he told me after dinner in the conservatory that the whole thing made him feel quite upset, and as a matter of fact I believe his language was *fearful*. Alphonse did not appear to be at all astonished, as they often have these little accidents over in France, and he never for a moment lost his *sang froid*, and, indeed, appeared to be steeped in a profound calm. However, he helped to carry Georgie to the hospital, where the doctors soon put him right. The head surgeon is *such* a clever, thoughtful man, and soon extracted the stone, after which poor Georgie had to be trepanned or

Mamma and I drove over in the motor and left cards

THE LUCK OF SOME GIRLS AT A PARTY

DRAWN BY HILDA COWHAM

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM SOPHY TO HER FRIEND

"Went to the Ponsonby's Dance. Had an awful time. That horrid Maude Montague was there, the carrotty one with the big mouth; born with a silver spoon, they say. I should think it must have been a soup ladle"

THE LUCK OF SOME MEN AT A PARTY

DRAWN BY HILDA COWHAM

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM CHARLIE TO HIS PAL

'That cocky kid Muir Major had the cheek to be at the same dance as myself, and had half-a-dozen girls hanging round his neck. He nodded at me and laughed. I'm just waiting for next term, that's all"

OUR SHORT STORY

FACING THE MUSIC

By C. R. COLVILE

As Rugeley drove towards Portland Gardens, and saw once more the familiar bustle of the London streets, he realised to the full the charms of a return from exile. It was little more than a year ago since he had bade good-bye to his accustomed surroundings, believing himself to have lost for ever all interest in life, and had sought distraction for a hopeless passion in foreign travel. Little more than a year ago, and here he was, back once more, with a mind at ease, fired with fresh ambitions, and conscious that there were a thousand ends better worth striving for than the winning of a woman's love. He laughed to himself as he thought of the anxiety and sinking of heart with which he had so often before driven to his present destination, and looked forward with confidence to the final test to which he was about to put the recovery of his peace of mind.

How different the self-possession with which he now entered the house to the nervousness with which he had been wont to mount the well-known steps, in the days when he was desperately in love with Ethel Dunster, and was always perfectly certain that even the servants could read his secret. Rugeley was late. The dance was in full swing. In the old days he would have taken good care to have been among the first arrivals, fearful of throwing away a chance of securing Miss Dunster as a partner. It was pleasant to think he was in no such hurry now. He put on his gloves with great nicety, and adjusted his tie with unnecessary care. He smiled grimly as he remembered that he had been certain, absolutely certain, that nothing would ever compensate him for his unrequited passion.

"Thank goodness," he said to himself, "the fates don't always take a man at his word; and though he may stake his peace of mind on a woman's 'yes' or 'no,' it is seldom they demand the forfeit."

Moralise as confidently as he would, he had not yet "faced the music," and as he heard the alluring strains of a valse, he was just a little uncertain whether it was the absence of any motive for haste, or the presence of a motive for delay, that made him repair to the refreshment table for a cup of coffee, and postpone entering the ball-room. Then it occurred to him that when the dance was over, Miss Dunster might come downstairs, also on refreshment bent, and his sense of the dramatic fitness of things made him shun the possibility of suddenly finding her next him in a crowded little room, of receiving an informal nod of recognition, and of sharing with an ice her momentary attention.

Unfortunately, he had barely reached the foot of the stairs when the music stopped, and the couples crowded out of the dancing-room; whilst he had perforce to flatten himself against the balustrade to give them room to pass. A smile from a pair of blue eyes, a vision of shimmering white, a "How do you do, Mr. Rugeley," and the dramatic moment had gone, and Rugeley felt absurdly conscious that he had been surprised into a blush and an awkward attempt to shake hands—an attempt which the crush and the obtuseness of Miss Dunster's partner had rendered futile.

Rugeley went on upstairs, feeling that his self-assurance had received a blow. He greeted his hostess; told her he was certain he knew any number of people; and stood against the doorway to take stock of his feelings. He was angry with himself for having blushed when Miss Dunster spoke to him; angry with himself for allowing his thoughts to give so much importance to the meeting. He had hoped he would have been able to look at her calmly and critically, and to wonder how he had ever been so enamoured of her beauty, but the glance on the stairs had convinced him that, though his heart might be no longer hers, she still commanded his unqualified admiration.

Never mind; he would ask her for a dance, and would show her, and, what was more to the point, prove to himself, too, that he was no longer afraid of her charm, had no need for prudence, but could put his arm round her waist, look into her eyes, and feel the soft pressure of her hand, without rousing the old longing that had brought him to her feet.

Yes; she was certainly entitled to his admiration. He could not but own it as she re-entered the room, and he went up to her at once with all the assurance he could assume.

"We were so glad you could come, Mr. Rugeley," she said. "You've only just got back from your travels, I hear. Did you enjoy your tour?"

Before he had time to reply, she was claimed for a dance.

"You'll give me a valse, Miss Dunster, won't you?" he said.

"No. 10," she nodded, as she whirled away on her partner's arm.

It was No. 6 already; he would not have long to wait. He found an acquaintance or two, but he did not feel inclined to dance. He preferred to look on. It was discouraging to find that it was so, and that looking on meant, as it used to in the old days, watching every movement of Miss Dunster, and taking little heed of anyone else.

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"Is there—no chance?" he faltered

But he had got over his foolish attachment long ago. Why, on the voyage back from Sydney he had been as nearly as possible falling in love with a pretty Australian; in fact, one romantic, starlight night he had been within an ace of avowing his affection, when, luckily, a jealous fellow passenger had contrived to interrupt the *tête-à-tête*. He was absolutely heart-whole—he was sure of it. Yet here he was, waiting impatiently for dance No. 10, and feeding his eyes on Ethel Dunster, just as if he had never been a year away.

Then that lurking Hope, which waits on lovers, began its flattering tale. "She is a pretty girl to be unmarried so long," it whispered; "suppose she knows now that she made a mistake. What is it that philosopher has said?—'Rejected lovers need never despair! There are four-and-twenty hours in a day, and not a moment in the twenty-four in which a woman may not change her mind.'"

Rugeley turned a deaf ear to the tempter.

"She kept a dance for you," Hope went on unabashed. "She was so glad you could come. Poor girl, perhaps she's been as unhappy as you were."

His hostess saw Rugeley standing idle, and determined to make him useful.

"I wish you would take Mrs. Vereker down to supper," she said.

Rugeley was delighted, of course; still more so when he found that Mrs. Vereker had a prodigious appetite, and was not to be hurried into making a scanty supper just because the young man told off to look after her was anxious not to miss a particular dance.

The particular dance had actually begun when he was able to end his onerous duties and conduct his charge back to the dancing-room.

Miss Dunster was waiting, visibly annoyed at his unpunctuality.

"You see," said flattering Hope, "she is piqued to find you are not still her slave."

Rugeley danced well, and so did Miss Dunster.

"It's quite a relief," she said, "to find a man who can really dance. I have been so unlucky this evening."

Whereupon, you may be sure, Rugeley whirled her round with more agility than ever.

"Thank you so much," she said, as they sank into comfortable seats at the head of the stairs, "I enjoyed that immensely."

"So did I," said Rugeley.

He talked of his travels; and Miss Dunster listened with such seeming interest that the music of the next dance had sounded some minutes before she made any sign of returning to the ball-room.

"I think I ought to go back," she said. "I know I'm engaged to someone for this."

"Can't someone be disappointed for once?" he asked.

"One ought not to cut partners in one's own house, you know," she said.

"Won't you give me another, then?"

"Yes, I think I can give you No. 16," and —— Heavens! where was Rugeley's boasted recovery?—"one ought not to cut partners in one's own house, you know"—yet he saw her cross off another's name on her card and substitute his.

Where were all his good resolutions? Where was the determination to resist the influence of those pretty eyes? Why did her every look, her every movement, delight him as much as of old?

"Nonsense," he said to himself, as he stood once more at his point of vantage by the ball-room door; "I like to look at her from an artistic point of view—I like to dance with her because she dances well—I have learned my lesson, and am not likely to be such a fool as to forget it."

Rugeley tried to remember what were the thousand and one ends better worth striving for than a woman's love, and could think of none of them. How in the world had he ever thought it possible to care for that girl on the steamer? There was a something about Miss Dunster that defied comparison. She passed him as she danced, and smiled as she caught his eye. Suppose she did care—what a brute he would be not to give her a second chance. But he had been a year away—travelling round the world, simply in order to forget his unfortunate attachment—and he had forgotten it. Of course he had forgotten it. Just to prove his indifference he would actually go before the sixteenth dance. He would slip away quietly without saying good-bye.

He went downstairs, and was fumbling in his pocket for his cloak-room ticket, when it occurred to him that by running away, far from proving his indifference, he was making his fear of a relapse ridiculously evident; and, besides, was behaving very rudely to Miss Dunster. He would go back and dance with her, and not be so outrageously weak.

Back he went, and waited for his dance, and, as luck would have it, it happened to be the very valse he had danced with her on the evening he had confessed his love.

He resigned himself to the senuous strains. There was plenty of room now, and no awkward couples or fear of collisions interfered with the poetry of motion. Rugeley wished they could go on dancing for ever.

"When you do dance," he quoted, "I could wish you a wave of the sea, that you might ever do nothing but that."

Miss Dunster smiled, but he was not quite sure that she had caught what he said.

The dance came to an end before either of them was tired, and once again Rugeley found himself sitting out with her at the top of the stairs, and knew that on the smallest provocation he would forget all his painfully learnt lesson, and remember only that Ethel Dunster was the sweetest girl in the world, and that nothing else in life was worth a moment's thought.

"That's my favourite valse," she said.

"Is it?" cried poor Rugeley; "so it is mine. I haven't danced to that tune since I danced it with you—more than a year ago."

Evidently Miss Dunster remembered the occasion, for she looked a trifle embarrassed.

"There is very little new dance music this season," she said.

"I like the old tunes best," he said, significantly.

"Did you see anything of the native dancing when

you were in India, Mr. Rugeley?" said she, evidently conscious of the sentimental turn he wished the conversation to take.

But Rugeley did not want to talk about native dancing. If her voice had not been quite so gentle; if her eyes had not been quite so blue; oh, if she had been just a little different, he might have resisted the temptation; but the sweetest girl in the world was sitting next him, and fate had given him another chance. The patient welding of the armour of indifference had been labour wasted.

He gave an absent answer to her question, and an awkward silence ensued. Rugeley played nervously with his programme.

"Do you know when I last saw you?" he said.

"At—at that dance," she answered, trying in vain to speak with unconcern.

"I saw you after that—the next night—outside the theatre. I knew you were going to the play, and I wanted to catch a glimpse of you as you came out—a last glimpse before I went away."

Miss Dunster pretended to be giving most of her attention to fastening a rose that threatened to escape from a cluster of roses at her breast. Rugeley did not dare look at her; he, too, kept his eyes on the truant rose.

"The play was over late," he went on, "but I saw you at last as you stood waiting for your carriage. It is as I saw you then that I have always thought of you since."

The rose that Miss Dunster had attempted to secure fell at her feet. She bent forward to pick it up, and Rugeley stooped, too. Their hands met. She drew back, blushing crimson as she did so, but the touch of her hand gave Rugeley courage.

"I have tried hard to forget," he said "— and now——"

"Mr. Rugeley," she cried "you——"

But Rugeley had gone too far to hesitate. He looked at her bravely.

"I have tried to forget," he said again, "and now I know that I—that I care for you as much as ever."

All too well he knew the half-frightened, pitying look that came into her eyes, and would have given the world to have had his words unspoken.

"Is there—no chance?" he faltered.

Miss Dunster had risen.

"I am sorry," she said, "so dreadfully sorry. I thought you had quite got over your old feeling for me. Oh! I am so sorry."

And Rugeley could not blame her—he, too, had thought he had got over his old feeling for her, and he ought to have known. It was a fine end to his manly resolutions—a fine proof of his boasted recovery. He could hardly trust himself to say good-bye, when they got back to the dancing-room.

As he stood in the hall, waiting for a cab, a friend passed him, and noticed how scared and pale he was.

"Hullo, old chap; you look as if you had seen a ghost—what's up?"

"Oh, I'm all right, it's the heat," Rugeley answered. "I'm not used to it."

"Seen a ghost!" he said, bitterly, to himself, as he drove away. "Is it a ghost?—or is it the old love itself, the old love I was fool enough to think dead and buried a year ago?"

C. R. Colvile.

Photo by *Cribb*

The makeshifts of the "Handy Man"

A party of stokers propelling a dinghy with their shovels, in lieu of oars

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Golf on Wimbledon Common

In the annals of golf in the South, Wimbledon Common will always hold a prominent and well-deserved place. Yielding in point of antiquity to its famous rival, Blackheath, as a resort of golfers, it may yet fairly enter the lists against its elder brother as a claimant for honours in the matter of its influence on the fortunes of the game in the South in modern times. I am not quite clear as to the origin of the game on Wimbledon Common, but I may hazard a guess that some of those Scottish exiles, who clung to their beloved game amid the roads, lamp-posts, and nursery-perambulators of Blackheath, sighed and sought for a wider field for their efforts, and found it at Wimbledon. Be that as it may, that same noble band of early pioneers to whom we owe the institution of golf at Westward Ho! at Pau, and at Hoylake, were mainly instrumental in starting the little white ball on its wayward and unending course over the furze and whins of Wimbledon, some time in the sixties.

Photo by *Willoughby*

London Scottish Golf Club: The Club House and its picturesque surrounding

London Scottish and Royal Wimbledon

At first there was only one club, the London Scottish Golf Club, which was in some way affiliated to the Volunteer Corps of that name, and owed much of its success to the commander of that regiment, the present Earl of Wemyss. This connection between golf and rifle shooting, familiar enough to old golfers on many other links, where the click of the golf ball on certain days is answered by the ping of the bullet on the target of the rifle shooter, proved ultimately disastrous to the unity of the club at Wimbledon. I will not go into the minutiæ of that ancient dispute, the memories of which are now happily buried. Suffice it to say that some time in the seventies a considerable body of the London Scottish members seceded from the club, under the leadership of the lamented and much-loved Henry Lamb, and, I think, of Dr. Purves. They proceeded to establish themselves at the west end of the Common, nearer to Wimbledon town, and in course of time the dissenting body, if I may so term them, grew in numbers and influence until they overshadowed their old club.

Two Clubs on One Course

So here in the South there came about a situation analogous to that at Leven in the North, two clubs using the same course, but having their club houses and starting points at opposite ends of the course. This odd arrangement, happily, led in neither case to any friction, but it had this disadvantage, that however clear the green ahead of you might be at the start, you had the lurking doubt ever present with you that you might find a considerable body of golfers waiting at their first tee, which, perhaps, coincided with your tenth tee. Alternate starts for the members of the two clubs got over that difficulty, but it robbed the golfer of that delightful charm consisting in the words, "We have got a clear green for the whole of the round." However, human nature soon accustoms itself to the inevitable, and dual-clubbed golf has gone on merrily at Wimbledon, as it has at Leven, without any murderous assaults being perpetrated by irate and rival golfers at either end.

Early History

The iron hut which housed the London Scottish in the days when I had the honour to belong to that club, and used to snatch a morning round on golfing days before my work in town, has now given place to a solid and comfortable structure near the famous windmill, one more in keeping with the club house of its younger rival, as will be seen in our illustrations. It would take me many pages to recount the names of the famous members of the Royal Wimbledon Club, but it will give my readers

some idea of the importance and standing of the club when I mention that, at one time, they played under a code of rules of their own. From that club issued forth that famous band of enthusiasts, who, under the leadership of Dr. Purves, established golf and earned the gratitude of succeeding generations of golfers at Sandwich. The course at Wimbledon is pre-eminently a sporting one, and differs from the generality of inland links in having no artificial hazard from start to finish. It is not a big course, and, in these days of rubber balls, may strike the modern golfer as slightly cramped. But the greens are good, the hazards fair, and the penalties for erratic play severe, and when I have said that, I fancy my readers will agree with me that Wimbledon has the three great requisites of a good course.

Photo by **Royal Wimbledon Golf Club: The club house** *[Alfred Birt*

Hooligan Scouts

Among these hazards, there is, or was (I do not know if it still exists), a pond, which gave active employment to a band of bare-legged hooligans, who retrieved your ball if you paid sufficient ransom. History relates that one of these hooligans once met with a well-deserved fate, having caught not only the ball, but a Tartar into the bargain in the shape of its powerful owner. Having refused to deliver the ball for the ordinary sum, the hooligan was invited to come out and strike a bargain on the banks of the pond. Fearing no wile, the ill-fated ruffian, on reaching the owner, and delivering up the ball, found himself suddenly lying in the muddy shallows of the pond, where he realised that it would have been wiser to have yielded up the ball at once. I have also a vivid memory, during one round, of getting into difficulties with a particular whin bush, whereupon my caddie comforted me with the remark that "that 'ere bush is what the Grand Duke Michael couldn't get over. He kep' me 'ere best part of an afternoon while 'e tried to 'it 'is ball over it. Lor' 'e must 'ave 'it forty or fifty balls into the blessed bush afore 'e got one over. But 'e wouldn't move till 'e done it." Two distinctive features of golf at Wimbledon must be mentioned. Play is limited to three days a week, and players must wear a red coat, with the view, I presume, of constituting themselves a kind of danger signal for nurses and their charges.

Ernest Lehmann

Photo by **London Scottish Golf Club: Near view of the club house** *Willoughby*

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"A Secret Agent in Port Arthur." By Arthur Greener. The Adventures of a War Correspondent in Port Arthur and Manchuria. (Constable: 6*s.*)

"A Gardener's Year." By H. Rider Haggard. A companion volume to "A Farmer's Year." Illustrated. (Longman: 12*s.* 6*d* net.)

"The Coming of Parliament." By L. Cecil Jane. A new volume in the "Story of the Nations" Series. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin: 5*s.*)

"Cross River Natives." By Charles Partridge, Assistant District Commissioner in S. Nigeria. (Hutchinson, London. 1905.)

NEW NOVELS

"The Doll's Dance." By Clarence Forestier-Walker. (Digby, Long and Co.)

"The Apple of Eden." By E. Temple Thurston. A novel dealing with the question, "Is a Celibate Priesthood Possible?" by the Husband of the Author of "John Chilcote, M.P." (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*

"Fleur-de-Camp: A Daughter of France." By A. Godric Campbell. A Story of the Napoleonic Campaigns. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"The Face in the Flashlight." By Florence Warden. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"The Virgin and the Scales." By Constance Cottrell. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

The Latest Books

Cross River Natives
By Charles Partridge, Assistant District Commissioner in S. Nigeria
(*Hutchinson, London.* 1905)

Why is it that our Colonial officers, who acquire a sympathy with native races more readily than the officers of any other nation—therein lies the secret of our success as a colonising power—so seldom, in comparison with the administrators of foreign colonies, write about the peoples under their charge? The savage point of view is always interesting, and never illogical, though the premises may be unsound; thus some of the Calabar tribes believe that a man has several souls, one of which lives in some animal in the forest; "if the man is wounded or dies, the animal inhabited by his bush-soul also suffers or dies, and *vice versâ*." What a play, tragedy, or farce could be written about a "quiet, respectable citizen, devoted to peace and a whole skin," whose "sadly flighty, disreputable bush-soul" insisted on getting into trouble! And what a splendid excuse for misfortune of any kind! Yet the knowledge of such matters as these is of great importance to the administrator. "When down-river traders first introduced punting-poles into the upper reaches of the Cross River, the natives feared that the hippopotami would be offended," probably on account of some such supernatural connection. Indeed, the author on one occasion averted serious trouble, and gained the friendship of a whole tribe, by preserving a certain tree to which the natives attached considerable importance, and which was threatened by clearing operations. He guessed rightly that it was the home of the souls of the native dead, or the village "life," as it is called. Mr. Partridge is to be congratulated on a remarkable insight into native character, and we believe we have discovered the secret of his success in that direction. On the Cross River it is advisable to kill your enemy, both for the ordinary reasons, and because, by the possession of his skull—the seat of his understanding—those admirable qualities of his which he employed when alive for your own disadvantage, pass with the mortal remains into the possession of the victor. Mr. Partridge tells of one native who "has quite an array of human skulls arranged inside along the top of the wall, all marked on the forehead with dabs of red, white, and yellow paint. He kindly presented me with one of them." Doubtless, the possession of that skull has enabled Mr. Partridge to produce a book well above the average; we hope he will keep it and treat it well, for great things may be expected of the partnership.

The Doll's Dance
By Clarence Forestier-Walker
(*Messrs. Digby, Long and Co.*)

Mr. Forestier-Walker is already favourably known to novel readers by his earlier works, "The Derelict and Tommy," "The Silver Gate," and the "Chameleon." The first of these, which was but a slight sketch, showed that the author wielded a delicate pen, and that he could touch the springs of laughter and tears. Mr. Walker still loves the study of eccentric states of soul exhibited in his earlier works, but the same sureness of touch and delicacy of handling which guided him in the "Chameleon" steer him safely to his goal in the work under review. He takes as the motive of his story an extract from a German fairy tale, representing a young Prince watching the working by the Little Spirit ("whom some called a Devil") of the dolls in a theatre. One doll

remains motionless, and explains to the Prince that it cannot move, for the Little Spirit only pulls the gold wires that are fastened to it; gold cannot move it, but if the Spirit pulls its heartstrings then it, too, will dance like the other dolls. Starting from this fanciful and pretty conceit, Mr. Walker tells us a most charming love story, the doll of the fairy tale being represented by the heroine, Constance, Princess of Halstein-Altenburg, and the Spirit that eventually moves her heartstrings, taking the form of the manly, lovable, and intensely human hero, John Grey. Subsidiary to this main scheme of the story, there is unfolded a tale of the love between two brothers, the elder, this same John Grey, and the younger, Evelyn Grey, which recalls the love between David and Jonathan, and should bring a lump into the throat of even a hardened novel reader. John Grey, the elder, has devoted himself to big-game shooting, and given but little thought to the other sex. He eventually finds his fate on meeting at Ravello (where he has taken his younger brother, Evelyn, after a disagreeable and dangerous episode in the latter's life), the widow of Prince Halstein-Altenburg, herself the daughter of an Irish Earl. The Princess is travelling *incognito* with a faithful friend, the Comtesse St. Sebastien, and is recovering from the unhappy experiences of her short married life with the moody, devoted, but intensely jealous Prince. She is very rich, but if she marries again will, by the terms of the Prince's will, become comparatively poor. The whole of this part of the story in Ravello is delightfully told, while the struggle between the string of gold and the heartstring in the Princess's soul is movingly portrayed.

The Virgin and the Scales
By Constance Cottrell
(*Methuen and Co.: 6s.*)

Impersonation is a difficult theme to handle, even for the most experienced novelist, for no sooner has the change of identity been effected than the parties to the deception are usually led by the unwary author into situations which in real life could not fail to unmask the fraud. The writer's elaborate effort to give plausible reasons for the inability of the characters to see what is straight in front of them, soon institute in the reader a feeling of weariness. This is the cardinal fault of the above curiously titled novel, parts of which are written with no little charm. The opening chapters, in particular, which deal with the sympathy and love which spring up between a little girl and a young man of twenty-two, who afterwards becomes her guardian, inspire hopes of interest, which are not fulfilled.

Books to Appear Shortly

It is strange to find the eternal fitness of things in the making of Hebrew fortunes out of the gold mines of Rhodesia, yet archæological evidence seems to show that the hundreds of old old workings scattered about the country formed the main source whence David and Solomon drew their treasures, as recorded in "Kings" and "Chronicles." A new book on the subject, entitled *Great Zimbabwe*, has been written by Mr. R. N. Hall, part author of the volume on "The Ancient Ruins of Rhodesia," who has continued the work of exploration there during the last two years, with results which are said to have exceeded all expectations. The Zimbabwe ruins are wonderful monuments of a forgotten past, and their association with the Jews and Phœnicians, and the Arabian Himyanites, throws a fascinating flood of light upon the history of oldest South Africa. The remains cover a space of fully a mile, radiating in all directions from the great central structures—the ruins of the elliptical temple, the conical tower, the acropolis, and the terraces.

Mr. Frederic Villiers' *Port Arthur*, which Messrs. Longmans hope to have ready at the end of the month, will probably be one of the outstanding books on the war. The author was with General Nogi's army before the great fortress—an eye-witness of the fighting night and day during the last three months, and his narrative will, of course, be illustrated by his own sketches. Fred Villiers was at the taking of Port Arthur by the Japanese during their campaign with China in 1894, and has been through practically every other war since Russia fought the Turks in 1876. In that campaign he was on the Russian side, and Archibald Forbes, in his "Czar and Sultan," gives a graphic picture of the coolness of the artist. "It seemed to us, as we stood gazing," he writes, in describing the fight for the Shipka Pass, "that the Turkish cannon-fire we saw in action commanded the whole Russian position, in front, on both flanks, and even from its rear. Up to the main entrenchment on St. Nicholas Hill was a distance of about two miles, and every foot of the road seemed exposed to fire. It was not a pleasant prospect; but there was no alternative, and, fortunately for the time, there was not much musketry fire; so we started.

"Dead men lay about the road rather ominously; shells burst rather closer than we liked, and bullets kept striking the road about us and ricochetting viciously. I don't care to talk about that tramp; I know I was very thankful when it was over. The worst nuisance was that at commanding points Villiers would stop, serenely sit down, bring out his sketch-book, and betake himself to drawing some group that caught his fancy, or some battery over against him, which, as like as not, was actually trained on himself. I own that at those junctures I lay down behind a rock—not that this was any important protection, because of the thoroughness of the Turkish crossfire. . . . I could not but smile at Villiers' devotion to his particular duty; but the smile was melancholy enough—for, to tell you frankly, I had not the least hope that the sketches he was working on so calmly and assiduously would ever reach the *Graphic* office. I did not believe that a man of us would ever quit the Shipka alive."

Robert Barr has also gone to the Far East for the scene of his new book—*The Tempestuous Petticoat*—a characteristic romance of an over-rich American girl with a craze for titled personages. The story is supposed to be told by an ex-member of the English diplomatic service, who becomes secretary to the heroine's father, a multi-millionaire. He takes them both to Korea, where the emperor falls violently in love with the young woman, and desires to marry her. The courtship is fast and furious, and leads to many strange complications—which we must leave our readers to discover for themselves when Messrs. Methuen publish the book. This they will do later in the season, when they will also publish a new romance, by John Oxenham, entitled, *The Gate of the Desert*, the scene of the story being partly laid on the borders of the Sahara. One of the characters of this book is a little Jew financier of South Africa, who is tossed by circumstance into outer darkness, but contrives, even there, to exceed his highest ambition.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Unfamiliar Quotations

When we consider the number and variety of books of quotations at the disposal of the literary worker, it is little short of wonderful how one may search them all in vain to verify some half-remembered line. If I had the leisure, I think I should compile a new work of reference, to be named "Unfamiliar Quotations." I wonder how many hundreds of times in the course of his life a literary man is doomed to refer to Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," with disappointment which tempts him to chuck the book into the fire! Dalbiac's, being more recent, is not quite so useless, though it is irritating enough; and seldom, indeed, have I found either of any value. After all, why should any man collate the hackneyed quotations, which are only used by amateur essayists and popular preachers, like the Rev. R. J. Campbell? It is to the less familiar lines and couplets that some aid to memory is required, and I make a present of my idea of "Unfamiliar Quotations" to any industrious compiler who may chance to read this note. My thoughts were turned in this direction the other evening after I had vainly endeavoured, by recourse to half-a-dozen works of reference, to verify so familiar a quotation as:

Photo by **Mr. Egerton Castle** *West*

The celebrated novelist and swordsman

> Two souls with but a single thought,
> Two hearts that beat as one,

which is all that I recollect of "Ingomar." Perhaps I am meticulously heedful of the late Lord Salisbury's advice, "verify your references"; but I think it is worth while endeavouring to get a quotation accurately. To-day I read, in an admirable article by Claudius Clear, that Scott on his death-bed said to Lockhart, "Be a good man, my dear." What Scott said was, "My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." It would have strengthened greatly the article in question to have given the actual words.

Quotations Misquoted

Popular misquotations, such as "when Greek *meets* Greek," instead of *joins*; "A fellow feeling makes *us* wondrous kind," where the singular, *one*, is correct; "Fresh *fields* and pastures new," instead of *woods*; "The cry is, Still they come!" instead of "The cry is still, They come!" and literally thousands of similar wrong phrases in current use, are the result of writers being content to trust to memory when they should verify their references. A few days ago a leading London daily (no ha'penny rag, this) attributed the well-known line from Pope's "Essay on Man"—

> An honest man's the noblest work of God—

to Defoe. There would have been more excuse had it—as surely any Scotsman would have done—accredited the words to Robert Burns, who has the line in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," a fact which so keen a student as the late W. A. Clouston seems to have missed in his excellent little work, "Literary Coincidences and Imitations." Bartlett evidently did not know it was in Burns, while Dalbiac doesn't know it is in Pope. So much for our authorities on quotation! I remember, some years ago, asking a group of well-known literary men to help me to verify two favourite phrases. One was:

> The glory that was Greece,
> And the grandeur that was Rome.

The other—

> Old, unhappy far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

Not one of them could help to a reference, and, depend upon it, none of these wretched books of quotations had a flickering ray of light to show the way. The one is, I know, from Edgar Allan Poe, and the other sounds Tennysonian; but is it?

Literary Castles

No literary couple are more worthy of places in our portrait gallery than Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle. Theirs is, indeed, an almost ideal example of collaboration between husband and wife; for, while both have given us independent works of excellence, their real success as widely-read novelists has followed upon their literary union. Mr. Castle talks jocularly of "the firm," and a prosperous

literary firm it is, not only in England, but in America, where each new work by them is advertised as "The Castle Book of this Season." Mr. Castle is, in some respects, one of fortune's favourites. Unlike so many of his brethren of the pen, he has no struggling days to remember, as he was born in the midst of plenty, out Park Lane way, nearly seven-and-forty years ago. His father, a man of wide culture—"a Wilhelm Meister in temperament," to use the words of his son—spent much of his life abroad, among the literary and musical celebrities of the Continent. Mr. Egerton Castle, too, has been familiar with Continental life from his early years. In fact, both in appearance and in certain charming manners of speech, he strikes one at first as something of a Frenchman, though he is at heart a veritable John Bull. Colour and change he has had in his life abundantly; his Paris school-days being followed by some years of study at Glasgow University, where he went when only sixteen. "And how I still love the tawny, misty, forbidding city of the North, where I began life afresh," he has written—a confession so unusual for an Englishman that I bid my journalistic friends of Glasgow take note of it. After taking his M.A. degree he passed for Sandhurst, with a view to a cavalry commission; but, lo! the War Office found he had been born thirteen days too early to be eligible for admission to an English regiment; so, after his Sandhurst year, he served on the Gold Coast for a time as a lieutenant of the 2nd West India, hoping for a speedy transfer. But as this was not forthcoming, and he had no mind to spend his golden days of youth on the Gold Coast, he gave up his military career, and settled down in London to the life of letters, having earlier served some apprenticeship to journalism on the *Liverpool Mercury*, of which he has been for many years part proprietor, his grandfather, the late Egerton Smith, having founded that paper, which has recently joined forces with the *Liverpool Post*.

Mrs. Egerton Castle

Joint author with her husband, of "Young April," "The Pride of Jennico," etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Castle's Novels

It is just twenty years since Mr. Egerton Castle, who is a past master with the foils, wrote his first book, which dealt with the subject of "Schools and Masters of Fence," and readers of his novels need not be reminded that his practical knowledge of this ancient art has often stood him in good stead in his works of fiction. His first novel was one of the old "three-deckers," but it is a stranger to me, though I recall some of his admirable short stories in "La Bella and Others," published in 1892. But all his works of real importance, such as "Young April," "The Secret Orchard," and "The Star-Dreamer," have been written in conjunction with his gifted wife, a sister of the charming lady novelist who writes under the name of "M. E. Francis." For a refined sense of comedy, as well as true feeling for the tragedy of romance, and, above all, for their admirable literary style—Mr. Castle is a devoted Stevensonian—the books I have mentioned are easily among the more notable novels of the last ten years. In one respect, I think, the collaboration of Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle is unique: they have to their credit several highly successful plays founded on their novels, though in one case the usual procedure was reversed, as the play came before the novel. Mr. Castle is one of the few living English authors who have written in French, and he has good reason to be proud of his translation of Stevenson's "Prince Otto," into that language.

Biography Run Mad

Following upon my recent reference to biographies of living persons, I learn with some dismay that a "life" of Mr. Winston Churchill is about to be published by a responsible firm. Surely this is nothing short of biographical madness! Mr. Churchill, whom I admire immensely, is on the very threshold of his career, and has done wonders for a young man of thirty, but no one can seriously consider him a legitimate subject for a biography. Ten years ago yesterday (Tuesday), Lord Randolph Churchill died in London, and, although Mr. Escott wrote, soon after, a monograph on his remarkable career, we are still waiting for an adequate biography, which Lord Randolph's son is even now engaged upon. But—oh! the irony of it!—the biographer is himself to be biographed before he has biographed his father! No matter how well it may be done a book so premature brings biography into ridicule.

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

The Cambridgeshire

It would, perhaps, be verging on hyperbole to say that the Cambridgeshire country was anything like first-rate from a riding point of view. For the most part arable land predominates; indeed, were it not for a slice of country which is hunted on every Tuesday, and lies between the extremities of the Oakley and Fitzwilliam Hunts, the event of hounds running over more than two or three consecutive fields of pasture would be rare. Thanks to the beneficent influence of this Tuesday country, however, the country may be written down as thoroughly sporting, and there are few Hunts within the fifty-mile radius of Town where stout foxes are found in greater abundance. Curiously enough, though, from its title, it may be rightly inferred that Cambridgeshire provides the major part of the Hunt's territory, parts of Hunts. and Beds. are also included, in which are situated many of the most holding coverts. Thus it sometimes happens that of the three weekly fixtures, which are the rule, not one is in Cambridgeshire. Generally, however, the Friday meets are within a few miles of the University town, and though this part of the country is not to be compared as a schooling ground with the Bicester domains, where young Oxford learns to tumble about, it is surprising to see the amount of casualties that an enterprising Cantab can put in during a term over the trappy fences and ditches of this region.

Its Masters

The present Master, Mr. G. Smith-Bosanquet, is now in his second season, and, though when he accepted office he was all but a stranger to the country, there is every prospect of his connection with the Hunt being as long as it has been hitherto successful. James Budd, his huntsman, is a past master in the art of turning out hounds in perfect condition, while his knowledge of the country and of its foxes' ways has resulted in capital sport. The pack itself is beautifully bred, Mr. Bosanquet's predecessor, Mr. George Elystan Evans, now with the Tickham, having done much to improve it. Of other Masters who have in their turn presided over the destinies of the Hunt may be mentioned Mr. Carbery Evans and Mr. T. W. Tindall, who came forward when affairs were not altogether promising; Mr. T. Ashton, whose single season fifteen years ago was a prelude to still more successful work in North Warwickshire and elsewhere, and Mr. C. S. Lindsell, who happily is still to

The Cambridgeshire: Off to covert

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE AT CAXTON GIBBET

On the left of the illustration is seen the Master, Mr. G. R. Smith-Bosanquet. On the right is the huntsman, James Budd

The Cambridgeshire: The huntsman (J. Budd) and the pack

be seen out with the hounds and going well. Mr. Lindsell was Master for seventeen years (1870-87), and it was under his *régime* that the Hunt was put on its present and permanent basis. Previously it had been, as it were, a private affair, the Hunt having no fixed kennels, and the hounds being kept by country gentlemen residing rather wide of certain meets. The present kennels at Caxton, erected early in Mr. Lindsell's career, are admirably situated.

Some Celebrities

Like a good many other countries to which the term of "sporting" rather than "fashionable" is applied, the Cambridgeshire country is associated historically with many celebrities. The founders of the Hunt would seem to have been the brothers Hurrell, noted sportsmen in their day, and the family seat of whom is inseparably connected with the youthful days of his Majesty the King; for it was at Madingley Hall, a fine old mansion, that the King, as Prince of Wales, resided while prosecuting his studies at the University. Mr. Charles Barnett, Master from 1829 to 1867, was a famous representative of the old school, and it was in the Cambridgeshire country that the illustrious "Bob" Ward first rose to eminence as a particularly smart whipper-in. Another well-known character, of a more recent period, was Dr. Perkins, Bursar of Downing College, which possesses a considerable property in the heart of the country; for many years he acted as honorary secretary to the Hunt, in which capacity his geniality was proverbial. Then there is Mr. George Race, who is still to be seen at the meets, and whose career as Master of the Biggleswade Harriers dates as far back as 1840; despite his long addiction to hare-hunting, Mr. Race still takes a deep interest in the kennel arrangements of the foxhounds. Another good sportsman was the late Mr. John Linton, who, some thirty years ago, was one of the best heavy-weights in the Cambridgeshire Hunt, or any other.

Notes from the Shires

First and foremost among Leicestershire topics has been the resignation of Captain Burns-Hartopp, which, though bruited about for some little time, appears to be now so amply confirmed that any hesitancy in discussing the situation may be discarded. The Mastership of the Quorn is naturally one of the highest positions, not only of the world of sport, but of English society at large. At the same time, like the Premiership, it has its disadvantages, and calls for qualifications which are given to few for possession. Since Mr. Coupland resigned in 1884 the country has been vacant fairly often, and, compared with his immediate predecessor, Captain Hartopp's term of office has been tolerably long. That it has been, all things considered, successful, is beyond dispute, for assuredly no one could have had worse luck, what with accidents and the difficulties which ensued on the incapacitation of Tom Firr. The Quorn have certainly done very well this season, and the Belvoir continue to show a good average of sport, their recent day at Belvoir Castle having produced a capital gallop over the vale from Calcraft's Spinney, while the Lincolnshire country has witnessed some excellent performances on the part of Capell and his pack. Bright accounts are also to hand from the Pytchley, while, if a little more enterprise might have been advantageously exhibited by Mr. Fernie's foxes, Charles Isaac has been keeping his followers busily engaged. With the Cottesmore, too, there have been several good runs, *e.g.*, a fine hunt from Tortoiseshell Wood to Sproxton Heath covert in the Belvoir country.

A Noted Huntsman

At a ripe old age, Henry Sebright, son of the great Tom Sebright, and in his own right entitled to a high place among huntsmen of his day, has recently passed away at East Markham, Notts. Born in 1820, young Sebright first served under Mr. G. Savile Foljambe, at Grove, and it was not till 1856, eleven years after that gentleman's retirement, that he left the country. Lord Southampton, the Duke of Cleveland, and Lord Henry Bentinck, were his subsequent Masters, by all of whom his worth as a capable man in the field and in kennel was highly appreciated. With Lord Henrey, th duties, though pleasant, were certainly not light; an enormous country had to be covered, six days a week being the rule, and, what was more, the Master insisted on the hounds in kennel being fed every morning by the huntsman at ten o'clock, regardless of the distance of the fixture of the day. To carry out this order, Sebright frequently had to gallop all the way to covert on thoroughbred hacks. Later in life, Sebright went to the West Somerset country, then hunted privately by Mr. G. F. Luttrell, of Dunster. It must have been rather a change after his previous experiences, but Sebright soon adapted himself to West Country ways, and, for twenty-five years, hunted the stout foxes of the district with remarkable success. Towards the end of his career, he could scarcely be termed a light weight; still he preserved his marvellous knack of keeping near hounds, wheresoever they went, up to his retirement from active service in 1888, Mr. C. E. J. Esdaile being then Master.

Irish Doings

Though the New Year opened in such style as to raise hopes of a continuance of good sport, there is scarcely an Irish country where disappointment has not ensued. The Meath, for instance, with plenty of foxes and the choicest of pasture land, which ought to carry a burning scent more often than not, have had a succession of moderate days, and the Kildare record is but little better. Of some isolated cases, when hounds have run well, there are fortunately some accounts to hand, witness the gallop which Mr. Burke and his dog hounds brought off from Furry Hill to Building Hill, *viâ* Meldrum, the other day. Lord Fitzwilliam's pack continue to have fair sport, their best day of the season to date being that of Saturday, 17th inst., when Kinch was carrying the horn; Wooden Bridge was the fixture, and Knockamshill supplied a fox that kept hounds busy for one hour-forty minutes before going to ground at Ballymorris. The U. H. C., too, seem to be sustaining their claim to an exceptionally brilliant season. From Clondulane, these hounds had a great run recently, nor did a gale of wind prevent them from running well on the Annacarten Bridge day. It is good news to hear that Mr. Crawford, one of the U.H.C.'s joint Masters, is out again after his severe illness. The Duhallow country has lost a fine sportsman in General Ryan, of Scarteen, whose death will be deeply mourned by a large circle of friends. The Scarteen black and tan harriers, *alias* the original Kerry beagles, have been in the possession of the Ryans for two hundred years or more; luckily, there is little doubt of their being still carried on.

The Cambridgeshire: Bringing up the hounds

The Working of the New Act

The paper which Mr. A. Moresby White recently read before the Automobile Club dealt in an interesting way with the first twelve months' working of the new Act. After pointing out that the motor-car has as much right to the free use of the road as any other vehicle, he went on to say that the Act placed great and almost unlimited power in the hands of the petty sessions magistrates. So omnipotent are these gentlemen, that Mr. White considers the working of the Act quite depends upon their view of the right meaning of the Act, and how it ought to be administered.

A Typical Motor Case

So true is it that the proper working of the new Act does depend on the views and prejudices of the magistrates, that it is worth while to examine closely the following summary of a typical motor case :

Before Mr. Loveland-Loveland, K.C., at the Clerkenwell Sessions, Mr. C. S. Gabriel, of Park Street, St. James's, W., appealed against a decision of Mr. Kennedy, given at the West London Police Court on August 2 last, convicting him for that he did, on June 16, 1904, on a public highway called Kensington Road, unlawfully drive a motor-car at a speed which was dangerous to the public. Mr. J. P. Grain (instructed by Messrs. Wontner and Sons) appeared for the police, and Mr. Horace Avory, K.C., and Mr. A. Moresby White (instructed by Mr. Staplee Firth), appeared for Mr. C. S. Gabriel, the appellant.

After hearing the evidence of four policemen on behalf of the police, and the evidence of Mr. Gabriel and two of his witnesses, the Court stopped the case, and allowed the appeal. Upon the application of Mr. Horace Avory, K.C., the Court also ordered the police to pay Mr. Gabriel's costs of the appeal.

Police Methods

This brief account of Mr. C. S. Gabriel's case is such a first-rate example of police and magisterial methods that it is worthy of consideration. A road frequented by motorists is chosen by the local authorities, and three or four policemen are stationed on it for the express purpose of catching cars. After a few cars have passed, a motor comes along, which, to one or two of the policemen, appears to be travelling at a fair rate of speed. The motorist is promptly stopped, his number is taken, his license examined, and a summons issued. All four policemen are well coached in their evidence, and in Court they all, parrot-like, swear that the motorist was driving to the danger of the public. The driver of the car, who, on his oath, declares that he was not endangering anyone, and who supports his case by the presence of two or three independent witnesses, is not listened to. Sufficient is it for the worthy (!) magistrate that he is a motorist. Conviction and endorsement of license follow as a matter of course. To appeal costs £60 to £80, and the motorist, recognising that justice is almost unobtainable, pays and takes no further action.

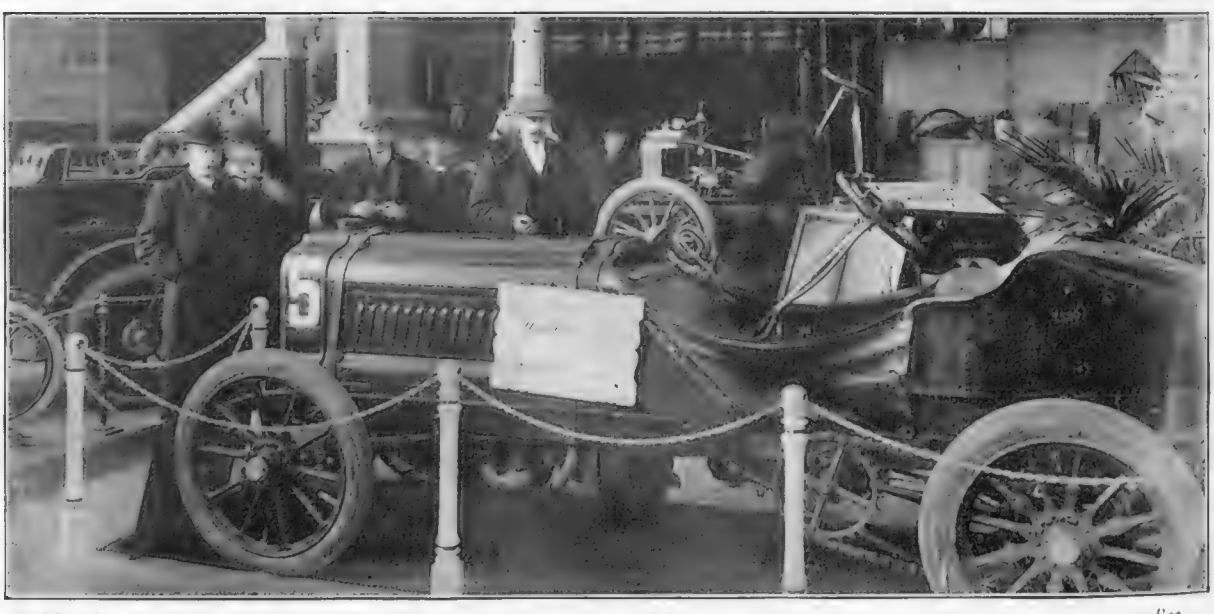


Photo by *Rer*

At the Brussels Exhibition: The Richard-Brasier Car, which won the Gordon Bennett Cup in 1904

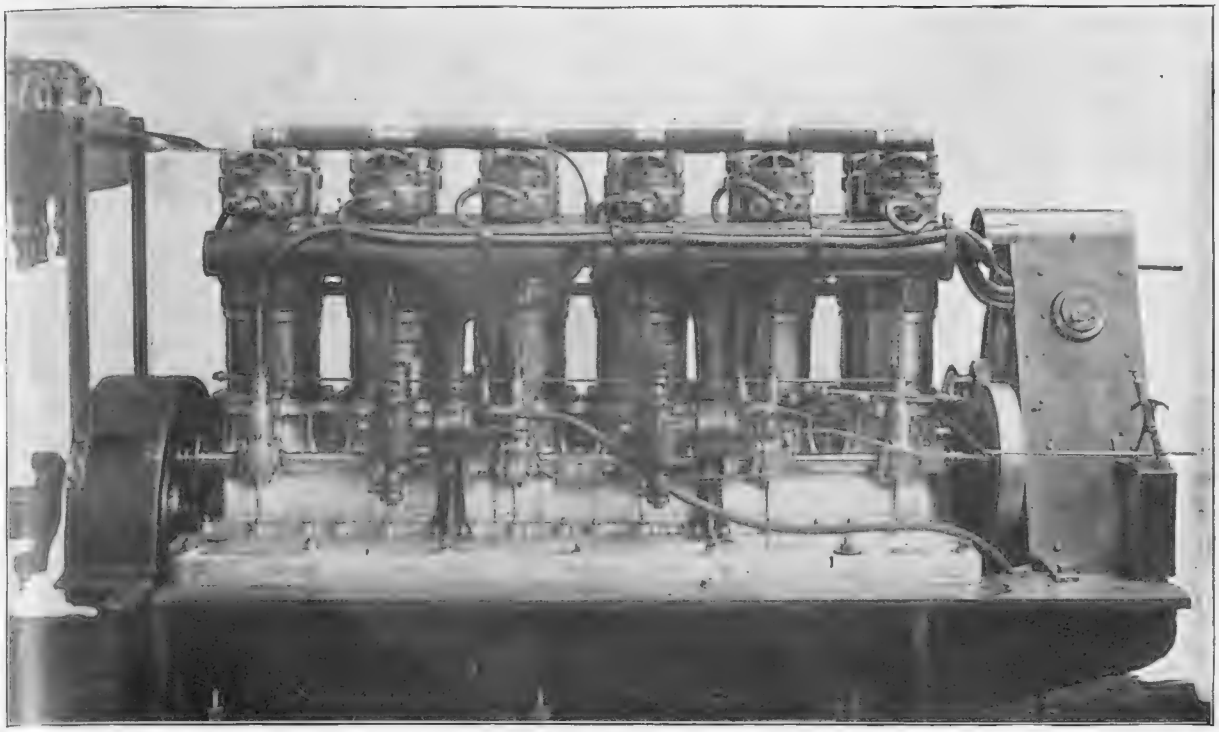


Photo by *Topical Agency*

Six-cylinder 120 h.-p. Panhard engine, used in the motor-boats which have just been built to compete in the racing at Monaco

The performance of this monster engine, which gives 150 h.-p., will be watched with interest. The cylinders are cast separate, ignition is by Eismann high-tension magneto, and each group of three cylinders is fed by a Krebs carburettor

The Courage of His Conviction

Mr. Gabriel, however, if we may say so, had the *courage of his conviction*, and appealed, with the result that the magistrate, Mr. Kennedy, was proved to have wrongly convicted him, and the four policemen, so anxious to secure a verdict, were obviously guilty of gross exaggeration, and are either incapable or dishonest. These are strong words, but the fact that Mr. Loveland-Loveland, K.C., gave Mr. C. S. Gabriel costs against the police, and stopped the case half-way through, shows quite clearly that he did not believe the sworn testimony of the four truthful (?) trappers.

Justice Wanted

So evident is it that magisterial prejudice and police ignorance prevent motorists from obtaining a fair hearing, that it looks as if some special tribunal is required for the proper trying of all motor cases. Some of the many young barristers who, at present, have little to do, might be usefully employed in hearing motor cases. They could go on circuit, and attend in turn the different petty sessions, where one day a week or a fortnight would be set apart for the hearing of police charges against motorists. Local prejudice would be non-existent, and no motorist would ever complain of the barrister's youth or inexperience—he would remember the dark days of magisterial bias. Costs would, of course, be bigger, but then, again, who would object to paying for the proper hearing of the case. The new Act has labelled us like cabs, and licensed us like dogs; surely, in return, motorists should be able to obtain justice.

Other points from Mr. White's paper:

A motorist can only be tried for one offence at a time.

In trying to prove one offence it is not permissible to adduce evidence of another—*i.e.*, in a charge of driving in a *manner* dangerous to the public, evidence of speed is inadmissible, or *vice versâ*.

Existence of danger must be proved by facts, magisterial and police *opinion* are not admissible.

An owner is not bound to supply information in the case of an infraction of the legal-limit clause.

To give notice to anyone of a trap is not an offence, it is only a warning not to break the law. [My list of police traps will therefore continue.]

When caught in a police trap ask to see the watch, examine it, and record the conversation as far as possible. Specially note surrounding traffic, wheel marks, etc.

[May I again suggest in this connection the carrying and the using of a Kodak.]

Commenting on the paper, Lord Russell drew attention to the fallacy of speed guessing. "A silent car," he said, "travelling at fifteen miles per hour, was usually assessed at ten miles per hour; a noisy car at ten miles per hour was often credited with twenty or twenty-five."

Tyre Cost

Any facts which bear upon the running expenses of a car are always valuable. The following letter which Mr. W. G. Williams, the energetic manager of the Collier Tyre Company, has sent me for publication, is, therefore, of interest:

Messrs. The Collier Tyre Company, Ltd.

Dear Sirs,—I have now had your tyres running fifteen months, and with the exception of the one unfortunate tyre, I am very pleased with the way they have worn—especially as you know I am one of the hardest users of a motor-car. The

car has run about 15,000 miles with these tyres, two of which are still quite good.

The cost of running works out at, approximately, ¼*d.* per tyre per mile, which I do not think anyone could complain about. I have had no punctures, and therefore no worry.

I am, yours faithfully,

EDWIN JOHN BURT.

POINTS.

The authorities in London are in the habit of scattering the roads with sharp, flinty stones. These do great damage to all kinds of rubber tyres. Will some public-spirited motorists bring an action for damage, and compel the authorities to use only sand, crushed slate, or some equally harmless material, for keeping the horses on their legs.

* * *

From the 23rd to the 28th inst. an important motor race meeting will be held on the Ormond Daytona Beach, Florida. This sandy beach, from all accounts, has a magnificent surface, and its width of two to three hundred feet enables the cars to race abreast, thus rendering the meeting far more interesting, from a spectator's point of view, than any time test.

* * *

The official list of entries has not yet been made public, but report says that Sartori will drive a 90 h.-p. Fiat, Macdonald a six-cylinder Napier, while Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt will astonish the timekeepers with an enormous Panhard of 125 h.-p. Remembering that American stop-watches are always generously disposed towards racing cars, this meeting should break all records.

The Crystal Palace Motor Show, which this year is overshadowed by its Olympian competitor, opens on the 27th inst. and closes on February 4. Non-slipping trials, hill-climbing competitions, and a special exhibit of racing cars, will be the features of this exhibition.

* * *

All motorists should hail with delight the advent of motor-'buses; their utility and superiority will do much to dissipate popular prejudice against motors.

* * *

Hansom cabmen are not in love with them, for they are faster than the gondola of London; their dislike, too, takes an active form, for a driver of one of the motor-'buses on the Bayswater road told me that on many occasions hansoms deliberately prevent him from passing them.

* * *

With regard to another race being held on the same road and on the same day as the Gordon Bennett Cup, the Automobile Club have sent a strong protest both to the Automobile Club of France and to Mr. Gordon Bennett.

* * *

Despite all sorts of weather, the sturdy Siddeley 12 h.-p. car progresses — 2,400 miles without any mechanical troubles is now its score—nearly half of the total distance of 5,000 miles which it has set out to cover.

* * *

The February 8 issue of THE BYSTANDER will contain a big Motor Supplement, dealing with the Olympia Show. Don't miss either the Show or the Supplement.

The Hon. J. D. Logan in his new 15 h.-p. Napier, which he has purchased for Cape Colony

Mr. Logan, who is a very prominent figure in Cape Colony, brought, it will be remembered, the original South African cricket team to England. He is now on a tour in Perthshire in his new car

Rugby Football

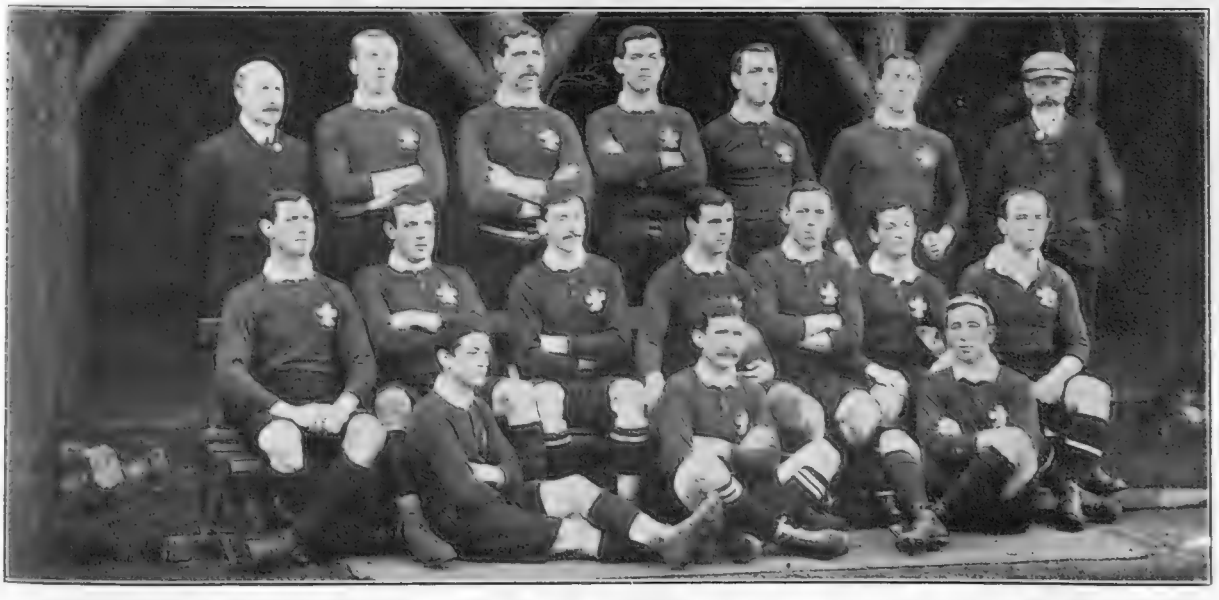
ENGLAND'S DEFEAT BY WALES AT CARDIFF

F. M. Stout (Richmond and Gloucestershire)
Who captained the English team

Of the twenty-two International Rugby games played between Wales and England, it is consoling, after this last complete defeat, to remember that we have won eleven and Wales nine, while two were drawn. Thus, while our regret is no less keen at the poor show made this year at Cardiff, we are assured that better things have, and still may be, done by an English team against the gallant men of the little Principality. Thus, in the first match of the series, 1880-1 at Blackheath, England won by eight goals and five tries to nil, while again at Birkenhead, 1893-4, England by five goals (one from a mark) to one try. But, although we resort to the records of other and more prosperous days for consolation, it must be said in all sincerity that the play of the English team at Cardiff this year was in no way to be compared with that of the Welshman, whose victory was as well merited as our defeat was well deserved.

G. Rowland Hill (President of the R.F.U.)
Who acted as a touch-judge

England and Wales at Cardiff: The English Team



England and Wales at Cardiff: The Welsh Team

Rugby Football at Cricklewood

LENNOX BEAT OLD LEYSIANS BY A POINT

Two of the most sporting and popular Rugby football clubs in the Metropolitan district are Lennox and Old Leysians. Their strength, as reflected by their records, is not quite equal to that of Blackheath and Richmond; but they have a way of creating an occasional surprise, and, early in the present season, the Leysians gained a brilliant victory over Blackheath. As is so often the case with an "old-boy" club, the Leysians suffer a good deal from the splitting of forces, which must inevitably take place when the schooldays are over; and it is not too much to say that if such celebrities as J. Llewellyn Lloyd, J. T. Tulloch, and A. B. Fleet, had been able to play for the club after leaving school, the Old Leysians would have gained an even more prominent position in the world of Rugby football than that which they occupy. On the occasion of their match with Lennox, on the 14th inst., they lacked the services of H. Hosken, an exceptionally fast and skilful wing three-quarter, who has played for Cornwall in the County Championship, and has helped his school to build up a splendid record for the present season. Lennox also suffered by the absence of their usual full-back, H. Galloway. It was a very exciting game. On two occasions did the Leysians lead, only to find their score beaten, and Lennox ultimately proved successful by one goal and three tries (14 points) to two goals and one try (13 points). When they got going, the Leysian three-quarters showed slightly the better form, E. V. Oulton and P. R. Parkinson playing a particularly good game; but, on the whole, there was practically nothing to choose between the teams. E. F. Walker, who played full-back for Lennox, fielded and kicked soundly, while W. J. Newberry and R. W. Sommerville showed good form at three-quarter. R. H. Haxell was the most noticeable of the forwards. For the Leysians, Norman Spicer, Malcolm Spicer, and K. M. Walker, were a tower of strength to their side in the pack, and T. O. Pepper did some clever things at half-back. L. S. Rogers, the full-back, played his usual safe game. Lennox were seen to considerable advantage in defensive work, of which, during the first twenty minutes, and in the closing stages of the match, they had plenty. The club is now in its twenty-second year, and its representatives are fully maintaining the standard which was attained in the seasons of 1897-8 and 1898-9, when, by winning thirty-two of fifty-three matches, and scoring 521 points to 247, Lennox qualified for, and obtained, a first-class fixture list, with matches against the two 'Varsities, Harlequins, Old Merchant Taylors, Richmond, and Northampton.

Lennox v. Old Leysians: A line out

P. R. Parkinson
The Leysian three-quarter

Photos exclusive to [*The Bystander*

Lennox v. Old Leysians: Tackled on the touch line

MATTERS MUSICAL

Sir Walter Parratt

It is not every day that Londoners have an opportunity of hearing genuine organ music well played, and the crowded condition of the Æolian Hall at the last Broadwood concert was doubtless due in some degree to the presence of Sir Walter Parratt's name on the programme. Everyone seems to know that he is Master of the King's Music and organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and it is, therefore, almost superfluous to add that he is one of the finest organists of the day, and is, perhaps, unrivalled as a player of fugues. But it is doubtful if everybody has heard that he is an enthusiastic player of chess. It is said of him that he can play a fugue on the organ and dictate the moves of several games at the same time, so great is his proficiency. Be that as it may, he proved himself so able a chess player, that he was for two years elected to lead the eight champions of castles and bishops for Oxford against Cambridge in the Inter-'Varsity Chess Tournament.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Sir Walter Parratt

Who played the organ at the Æolian Hall, on the occasion of a recent Broadwood concert

Of Organs and Organ Music

As I have said before, it is not every day that we have the opportunity of listening to genuine organ music, at any rate in London. St. James's Hall and Queen's Hall both have organs of no mean dimensions or resources, and the instrument at the Albert Hall is a veritable giant. But they are very seldom heard as solo instruments. About twice in a season, Mr. Pitt mounts to his perch and accompanies the Queen's Hall orchestra, but one never hears anything more than the rumble of the pedal pipes even then, and the same may be said of the others. Yet there are any number of clever organists who are not only capable of performing, but who would rather welcome the opportunity of escaping a little from the restraint by which they are always bound when playing in a church. And it is to the churches that one must go in the meantime if one is desirous of hearing organ music at all. Even then, it is an even chance that, after the particular service chosen, the organist will content himself with playing an "arrangement from the great masters." So many players make the fatal mistake of imagining that these are the most acceptable things to play. As far as I am concerned, I always listen with greater pleasure to a single composition which was actually written for the organ than to half-a-dozen arrangements of "favourite airs" or choruses, and I have heard not a few people express the same opinion.

Now, a series of recitals by first-class musicians at one of the big London Halls would have the merit of novelty to recommend it, and would serve to introduce to the musical public a number of excellent compositions whose very existence they have, in all probability, never suspected. I throw out the suggestion for what it is worth, and respectfully invite the attention of musical agents to the matter.

Some Forthcoming Events

There are a number of interesting fixtures for February and March. A series of Monday subscription concerts has been arranged at the Æolian Hall. Various notable performers will appear, amongst which are Madame Albani and the Kruse Quartet, who are due on February 27. Mme. Albani, by the way, is giving three concerts at the Crystal Palace, the first on Saturday next; Lady Hallé, Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Santley, Mr. Coates, Miss Adela Verne, Mr. Leonard Borwick, and the Kruse Quartet, have promised to support her. Miss Maud McCarthy, who appe red with great success some weeks ago, is giving two concerts, on February 2 and 7, when Herr Fritz Steinbach will conduct the London Symphony Orchestra. Miss Marie Hall, having made a complete recovery, is starting on a provincial tour, but will return to London and give a concert at Queen's Hall on February 21. To-morrow (Thursday) Sir C. Villiers Stanford will conduct the London Symphony Orchestra, and the Queen's Hall Orchestra Concert follows on Saturday. Arrangements have been made for the first performance of Richard Strauss's "Domestica" symphony, under Mr. Wood, on February 25.

H. F.

The Connoisseur

Old English Furniture

It is only within the last twenty years or so that the large majority of people interested in the decoration of the house, and the applied arts generally, has awakened to the fact that English furniture holds a high place among productions of the world. Within the memory of the youngest of us, among antique things, French furniture was the only vogue, and the delicate work of the eighteenth century of France alone collected. Even so fully instructed and catholic a connoisseur as M. Jacquemart treats English work with scant courtesy, but his neglect is no worse than that of many of our own men of taste of fifty years ago. However, time has brought in his revenges, and the rage for early English work is now as high as the old opinion of it was low. The public, which now takes so marked an interest in applied arts, is fully alive to the value of English cabinet-work, but not always completely informed in regard to its virtues, and the signs by which they shall know it. To the aid of those gropers for the fuller light comes an army of book-makers, ready to tell everything, and expose, once for all, the old mysteries of the "second-hand dealer" or the more esoteric truths of the prouder owner of the gallery of antiques. Among these books, of which we could name a round half-dozen recently published, there is no more useful nor agreeable volume than that prepared, with evident pleasure in the work, by Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mrs. C. W. Wyllie—*Old English Furniture* (Newnes: 7*s.* net).

Some hundred or so excellent photographs of actual pieces of furniture at present in museums, or public or private collections, are given, each with a short—rather too short—account of the object. Thus, those who would gain knowledge quickly can read, as they run through the pages of illustrations, and learn the main facts about English furniture from the Tudor period until the last word was spoken early in the nineteenth century. But, over and above the pleasing and informatory pictures of actua pieces, there are the wisely arranged chapters devoted severally to oak, walnut, mahogany, and mahogany and satinwood. In this way the various periods are covered, and all styles critically reviewed. The authors are candid at all times and agreeably light. On the subject of the master of English inlay, one of them overflows with enthusiasm, but, generally speaking, although ready to admire the

> Many things divinely done
> By Chippendale and Sheraton,

they are also ready to point to

> Those other things in which they fail,
> Tom Sheraton, Tom Chippendale.

As the pleasant conversation of a fellow-collector is one of the most valuable things in life, this book, which reproduces the views of two such people, is extremely welcome. From beginning to end, it is always companionable, sincere, and instructive; we can imagine no more useful and agreeable volume for the encouragement of those who are starting on the quest of the beautiful and the true —in the world of antique English furniture.

E. M.

A carved oak bed of the Elizabethan period
From "Old English Furniture" (George Newnes)

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

A Reflection

The Provinces have their uses; they instruct very distinctly what not to wear, and how not to wear it. I have just returned from a short sojourn near a Midland town, with the conviction more than ever firmly planted in my mind, that an unfaithful chronicling of fashion is an iniquitous thing, for the danger of a little knowledge is never more clearly evidenced than when clothes are in question. Egregious errors are made and persisted in, despite of protest, and the same astonishment assails me over the marked difference that prevails between London and the Provinces, parted only by perhaps two hours journey, as is experienced when crossing the Channel:

> The little more and how much it is
> The little less and what worlds away.

Between the dress of Folkestone and Boulogne there stretches a very world indeed; and similarly with our Provincial towns. It is saddening to me, as it must be to other interested fashion chroniclers, to find our warnings unheeded. It is not our desire to be in any way unreasonable, condemning, for example, the wearing of a last year's coat, that is out of date. In the Provinces, one may practise such economical feats with impunity. But where I, at least, would raise my voice in protest, loud and vehement, is when a new garment, quite *demodé*, is deliberately bought out of *malice prepense*. There are, I am persuaded, the most disastrous rocks and shoals looming ahead in the case of the sacque coat. This style has obtained the whole-hearted applause of the slow-moving populace, and it will take months, if not years, to wrest their minds from its contemplation. At present, so far as my recent short experience goes, there is even a disinclination to recognise the vague cut of wrap in any other than its pristine simplicity of the two-piece coat.

The bizarre little toque of the hour
(From an original design)

Millinery as it Should be Worn

Perhaps, though, millinery is the worst offender. Provincial millinery is something to make one sigh, and not only the millinery itself, but its sorry disposal. The angle that spells *chic*, and which, most especially just now, is the chief inspiring influence in the majority of really smart models, holds but small meaning.

And *apropos* of millinery, I wonder shall we ever take up seriously the fashion of the peacock's feather over here? Ambrosine predicts it will come in with the February fancies; consequently, I am prepared to believe it is only prejudice on my part to connect this adornment with felt rather than straw or taffeta, which latter, it is predicted, will be an important factor towards the early spring millinery schemes. Meanwhile, there is something indescribably attractive about a pale grey felt toque, of somewhat bizarre form, accentuated at the left side by two long peacock quills, the soft blend of golden browns and greens harmonising delightfully with the grey felt. Or, we saw the other day, and admired extremely, a sweet little dark blue felt, similarly ornamented, worn with a sable coatee and a dark blue corduroy skirt, that was beautifully stitched, but otherwise of studied severity.

But the moral of my tale is pointed and also adorned by the accompanying sketch, which represents

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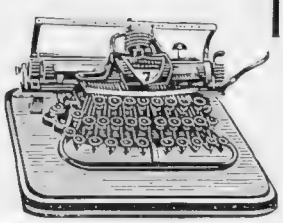

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a toque of infinite charm in cinnamon coloured felt, with feather of royal blue, to which there is shaded a *souple* ribbon of delicate tint for the *cache-peigne*.

Something About Motor Modes

The Paris Automobile Show is an old story, nevertheless I am making so bold as to return to it for a moment, for the purpose of offering a protest against the attempt made there to introduce a species of bloomer costume for our wear. Now, this is just one of the Parisian fads that must not be taken seriously, and which is as misleading as it is illogical. Never had the Bloomer Cause a weaker prop whereon to assert its cause than motoring; for, as a practical motorist of some long standing, I cannot for the life of me see where comes in the reason of its services. One would not, of course, undertake the management of the wheel and the pedals in a trained skirt, though, truth to tell, I have done that before now, and am alive to tell the tale; but what is the matter with the ordinary walking skirt supplemented, if subsequent events demand, by a petticoat?

Motoring, in nine cases out of ten, is merely a means to an end, and that, after all, is as it should be. A sentiment, I am sure, all motoring manufacturers will endorse with fervour, since, they are only too well aware, money is never made out of an article that is regarded solely in the light of a luxury. A frequent query to me has been, "Why do you not devise a becoming motor dress?" And at first I pondered the proposition with all seriousness, weighing, in company with several kindred spirits, the pros and cons of various possibilities. Nothing, however, has come of this superfluous waste of brain energy, other than a firmly rooted conviction that the less of a motorist you look, the better, and the less of a tyro you will be written down.

One point whereon I am individually convinced is the imperativeness of light headgear. It is more easily kept on by the veil or hood in the first instance, and if by some untoward chance the wind works havoc with it, it does not tear one's hair out by the very roots ere it is caught into subjection again. In my very humble opinion there is far too much made out of motoring modes. A practical coat and a practical covering for the head really covers the whole situation, augmented for the moment by various leather-lined spencers, and warm overshoes. Upon this, quite sufficient variation can be worked without going afield after a hideous fashion like bloomers.

A Picturesque Pelisse

The cry is everywhere for chiffon velvet. We shall, during the next few months, wear this for both day and evening gowns, teagowns, evening wraps, and day pelisses. And what more amiably accomodating fabric could we desire? Panne, too, is being handed about with considerable significance, and Ambrosine and I have a distinct premonition that the more familiar silk velvet will be in vogue for such garments as that pictured pelisse; a model, this, that meets with much acumen the essentials of smartness and artistic flavour. I think a mole-brown velvet would be fascinating arranged after such manner, lined through with one of the tender greens verging on reseda, or an equally soft Neapolitan mauve.

The Menu

FOR A DAINTY LITTLE DINNER

Crecy Soup.
Soles au Vin Blanc.
Côtelettes à la Réforme.
Wild Duck. Orange Salad.
Gâteau with Apricots.
Cheese Ramakins.

SOLES AU VIN BLANC

Take three medium-sized soles, one glass of white wine, six mushrooms, one small blade of mace, 1 oz. butter, two small shalots (peeled and chopped finely), half-gill of milk, pepper and salt, one gill white sauce, and the juice of half a lemon. Wipe, skin, and trim the soles. Butter a sauté pan, sprinkle over with the chopped shalots, lay in the soles, season with pepper and salt, add the mace, moisten with white wine and stock, and cook in a moderate oven for about a quarter of an hour. When done, take up the fish and keep hot. Reduce the fish liquor, add the sauce, a few drops of lemon juice, and tails of mushrooms finely chopped, boil up, season to taste, and strain over the fish. Garnish with the mushrooms slightly tossed in a little butter and a few sprigs of parsley. Serve hot.

COTELETTES À LA RÉFORME

Take some best end of a neck of mutton, cut it into neatly trimmed cutlets; then take a carrot, cut in strips, and place it in a stewpan to cook; chop up small, four gherkins and four mushrooms, and put with the carrot, egg and breadcrumb the cutlets and fry them in butter, and arrange them on a dish in a circle. Put the vegetables in the centre of the cutlets, and have ready half a pint of sauce, and when it is boiling add one tablespoonful of red currant jelly, one glass of port wine, and a little cayenne pepper; let it boil ten minutes, strain and pour round the cutlets.

ORANGE SALAD

Remove all the skin and pith from the orange, cut it into small quarters, and season with salad oil, brandy, a teaspoonful of castor sugar, and the same of finely-chopped tarragon and chervil.

GÂTEAU WITH APRICOTS

Take a Madeira cake, cut off the top, and from the centre cut a large piece, leaving a wall of cake all round, two inches thick. Stew a tin of preserved apricots with a teacupful of sifted sugar for a quarter of an hour. Fill up the centre of the cake, put on the top, boil the syrup up and pour enough of it over the cake to soak it. When cold, cover with a thick custard or whipped cream.

CHEESE RAMAKINS

Mix a teaspoonful of flour with 2 oz. of grated cheese, 2 oz. of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream, and two well-beaten eggs. Stir all together, and bake in small cases. A little cayenne pepper added to the mixture is an improvement.

EMILIA.

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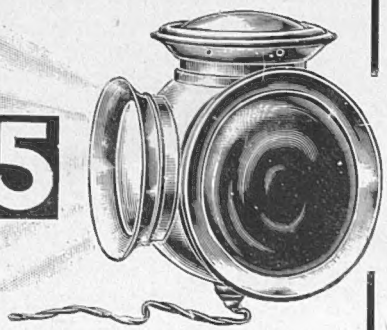

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Society *must* have a craze. It had the "young married woman" craze, when the mere girl was pushed into the background with a persistency which ended in shyness, awkwardness, and a general deterioration of her charms; it had another craze—the revival of the *débutante*, when the mere girl was called forth from obscurity, and set up as a star in so prominent a position that the disadvantages of this system were also glaringly apparent. Now, unfortunately for our small nursery inmates, the "craze" is the child. The child is courted, fêted, indulged, adored; it appears at social functions; it sits up till the small hours of the morning; it eats indigestible food; and it listens to conversations which it *ought* not to be able to digest either. This folly on the part of elders exists just because the child is a pretty, winning thing; while Society suffers from boredom and must be amused at any cost.

But will our children remain so attractive? Late hours and rich food are not conducive to health or good looks; and extravagant child-worship is positively ruinous to the charms of a young, growing mind. Fond mothers may awake too late to find their children gone; and miniature men and women taking the place of their roguish little ones. Then the child will be "dropped" as quickly as it was taken up, because it will no longer be pleasing; the empty nurseries will be filled again, and a happier state of affairs succeed. In the meantime, where are our light-hearted, romping, natural children, with jammy fingers, nursery manners, warm hearts, and strong aversions to grown-up strangers? In the middle classes, especially among large families, they are found, but not always even there.

Photo by *Guigoni and Bossi*

Princess Yolande, the King of Italy's eldest daughter, on her favourite horse

"Shopping by post" is said to be the "latest" fashionable idleness of womankind. Latest! I should not like to say how many years it is since I began to scan the advertisements in the papers to see where bargains could be picked up. If I may whisper the word without bringing the wrath of the Editor upon my head, I will make a confession. Each week when I get my BYSTANDER, it is not to the pictures that I turn, it is not to the "World's Pageant," where grievances are aired and high politics discussed, but [Mr. Printer, put the word in modest letters] to the advertisements!

Murder will out! Well, and what is the result? If Peter Robinson has a sale, I know about it soon, which I might not otherwise do, not being like my colleague, Mrs. Jack May, "in the know." I read what there is in the way of bargains, and if I want an article, and it is not a case of its having to fit, instead of dragging my weary way to Oxford Street, I write for it. In a few moments it is ordered, and I usually find orders sent to shops by post are expeditiously attended to.

It is quite a perennial joke with men to suppose that we like nothing better than to shop. Nothing is further from the truth, still I suppose they *must* resurrect these hoary old fables. Now and again a day's shopping is not bad fun, especially if one goes afterwards to a *chic* and amusing restaurant. Generally speaking, though, the troubles of transit to and fro are very tiring, and thus it is, if one begins to adopt the shopping by post system, one finds it to be a habit that grows.

When they bring in this C.O.D. plan—Cash On Delivery, as I understand it to mean—then we shall indeed be nearing the millennium. It is bound to come—and soon. As the big stores get better and cheaper, the small local shops dwindle and grow in extortionate charges. Why the system has been delayed so long I cannot make out. I hear that the reason is that the small shops will suffer, and they have told their Parliamentary Members plainly what they will do if the Postmaster-General suffers "C.O.D." But will they suffer? Competition will do them good, and they will begin to wake up with the best of results to everyone. LADY PHYLLIS.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

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Small wonder is it that the average Englishman, however much he loves his country, should prefer to change it at this season of the year, when he can possibly do so, for one that is more clement and less humid. Thanks to the enterprise of the London, Brighton Railway, in conjunction with the Ouest and P.L.M. Railways of France, people with slender purses and little time at their disposal are now able to pass in comfort at least part of the dreary winter season in the sunny south of France. Leaving Victoria, or London Bridge, at 10 a.m., one may reach Paris (St. Lazare), *viâ* Newhaven and Dieppe, at 6.40 p.m., or Paris-Lyon at 8.10 p.m. The latter, perhaps, is preferable, as it obviates a tiresome drive across Paris, and while the train is travelling round the city dinner is being served in the dining car, so that when the Paris-Lyon Station is reached, there is plenty of time in which a comfortable seat may be found in the Rapide, which leaves Paris at 9.10 p.m., reaching Cannes at 1 o'clock, Nice at 2 o'clock, and Monte Carlo at 3 o'clock, the next afternoon, the whole journey, therefore, from London to Nice only occupying twenty-eight hours!

The first-class single fare from London to Nice, *viâ* Newhaven and Dieppe, is £6 17*s.* 5*d.*, and the 45-day return fare £10 14*s.* 10*d.* The Brighton Company also issue a capital circular tourist ticket for the Riviera, available 60 days, at £10 10*s.* 6*d.* first-class, enabling one to visit the whole of the Riviera coast, from Marseilles to Genoa, travelling out *viâ* Lyons to Marseilles, and returning from Genoa by way of Turin and the Mont Cenis.

There is now, therefore, not much excuse for those people who say that a visit to the Riviera is impossible for them, since the Brighton Railway have made the path so cheap and easy.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"The War o the Sexes." By F. E. Young. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Godfrey Marten, Undergraduate." By Charles Turley. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

"The Scarlet Pimpernel." By Baroness Orczy. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"From the Clutch of the Sea." By J. E. Muddock. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Three Dukes." By G. Ystridde. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Hypocrite." By C. Ranger Gull. Cheap Edition. (Greening: 6*d.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Thackeray Country." By Lewis Melville. With many Illustrations. (A. and C. Black's Pilgrimage Series: 6*s.*)

"A Gardener's Year." By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Tibet and Nepal." Painted and Described by A. Henry Savage Landor. With seventy-five Illustrations, mostly in colour. (A. and C. Black: £1 1*s.*)

"Life and Letters at Bath in the Eighteenth Century." By A. Barbeau. (Heinemann: 15*s.* net.)

"The Coming of Parliament (1350-1660)" By L. Cecil Jane. Story of the Nations' Series. (Fisher Unwin: 5*s.*)

"Anecdotes of Soldiers in Peace and War." Compiled by J. H. Settle. (Methuen: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Golden Heart, and other Fairy Stories." By Violet Jacob. Illustrated by May Sandheim. (Heinemann: 5*s.* net.)

"Cook's Handbook for Egypt and the Soudan." By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A. (Thomas Cook and Son's Travel Offices: 10*s.* net.)

PERIODICALS

"The Antiquary." An Illustrated Magazine devoted to the study of the Past. No. 1 of New Series. (Elliott Stock: Sixpence.)

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